MARVEL MAGAZINES

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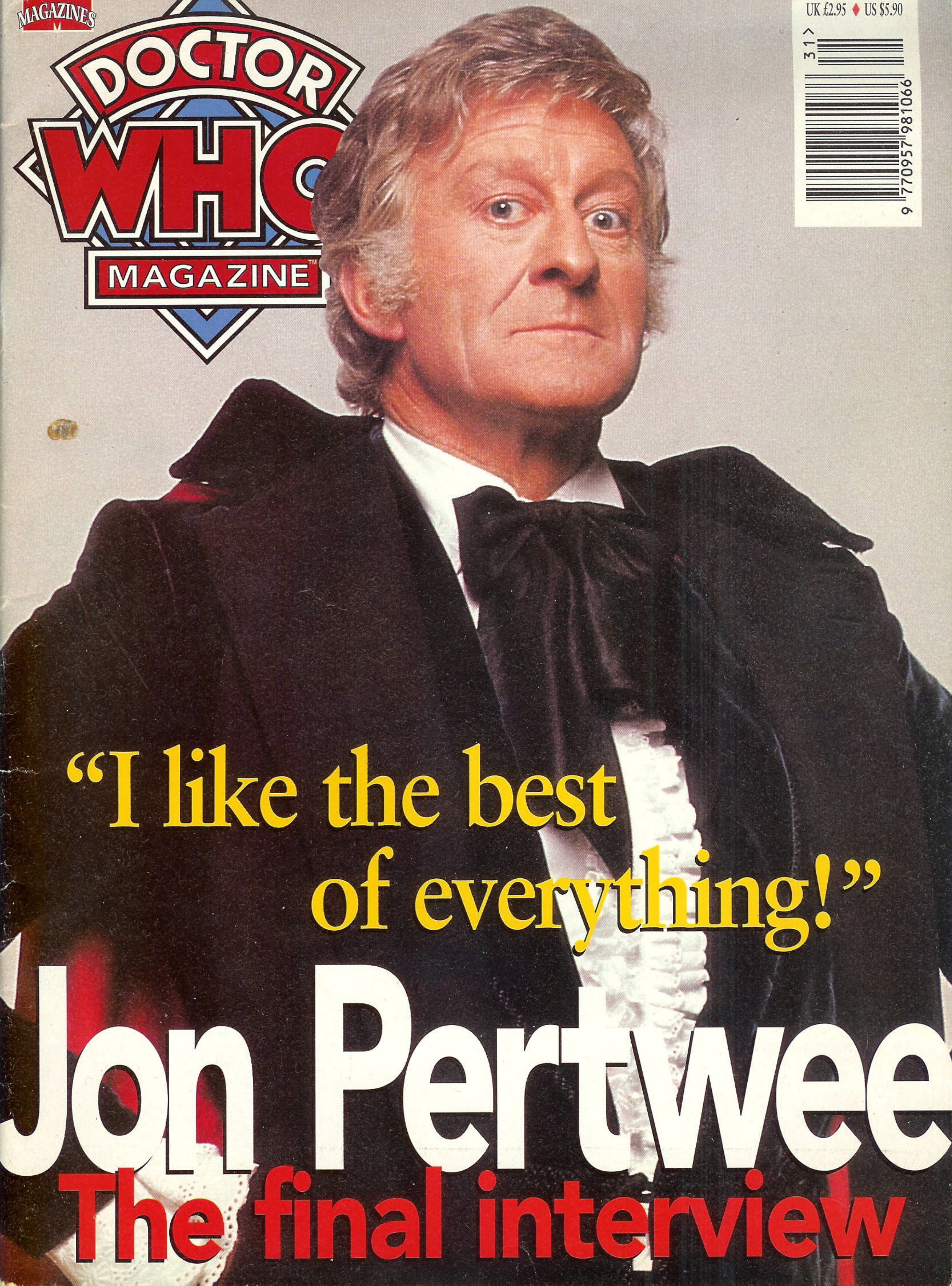

"I like the best of everything!"

Jon Pertwee

The final interview

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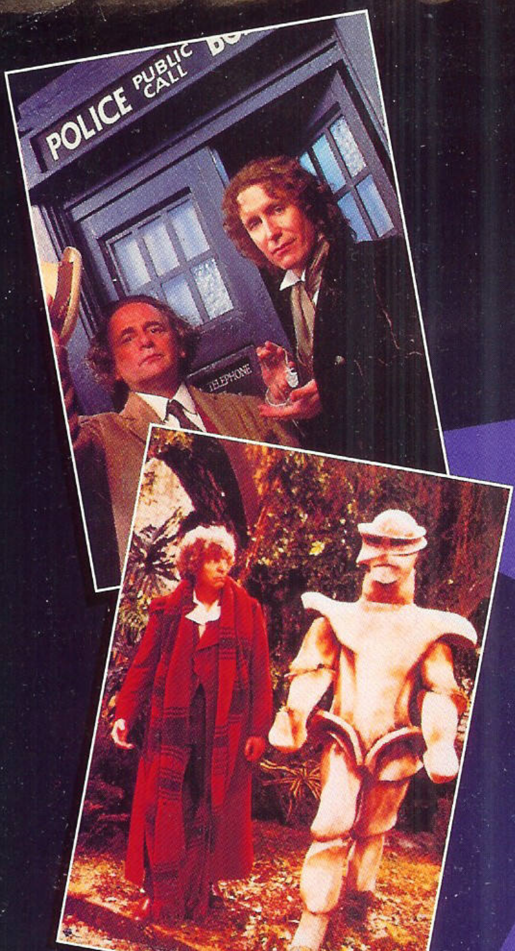

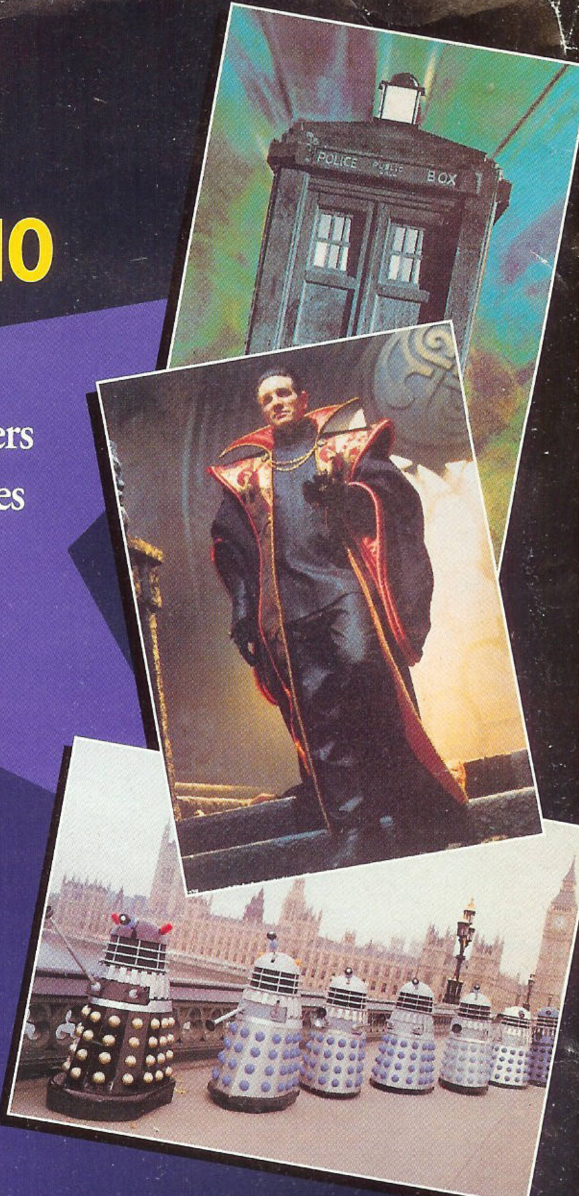

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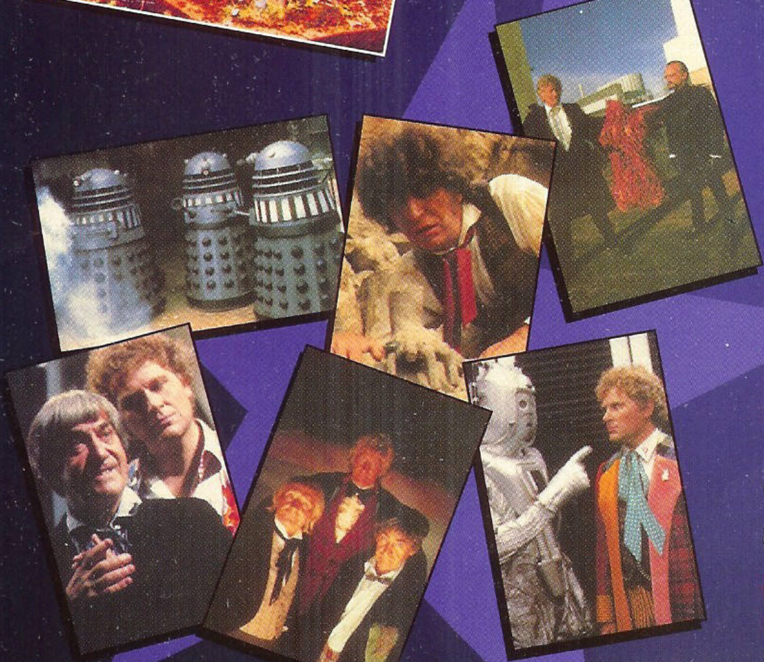

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Sadly, I can't claim to have known Jon Pertwee very well. I met him on a dozen or so occasions – at conventions or other special events – but we never had the time to strike up a relationship more personal or significant than that required by the nature of our jobs. Nonetheless, each time we *did* meet was immensely enjoyable; especially the day when Granada TV flew us both up to Liverpool to appear on *This Morning*, and Jon had fellow guest Roberta Tovey and I in stitches all the way.

More significantly, I also remember that everyone we met that day – be they other guests on the show, backstage crew, cab drivers, airport staff or casual passers-by – greeted Jon like he was an old friend. I'm sure that feeling is well understood by all readers of *Doctor Who Magazine*.

To pay just and proper tribute to Jon, we've held over a number of the features planned for this issue, and altered the format of others. Further, we have deliberately focussed on Jon's entire career, rather that just his work on *Doctor Who*. Although proud of his work on the series, Jon always wanted his time as the Doctor to be seen in the context of a lifetime of TV, film and radio work. We are, especially at this time, happy to fulfill that wish.

In addition to our own tribute, and the reminiscences of Jon's friends and colleagues, this issue also presents the full text of Jon's recent *Out of the TARDIS* interview, which now forms his own bittersweet and moving last testament. Finally, we have reshaped our Archive schedule to allow us to present an in-depth study of the 1971 serial *The Dæmons* – Jon's own favourite.

In all, we hope this issue can move us all from a time of grief to a time of celebration – a celebration of the life of Jon Pertwee, and the happiness and adventure he brought to us all.

Gary.

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This issue's competition entries should be sent on a postcard or back of a sealed envelope, clearly marked with the competition title, to:
Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ, England.
Entries must arrive by second post on 18th September 1996.

For details of current subscription rates, see page 51.
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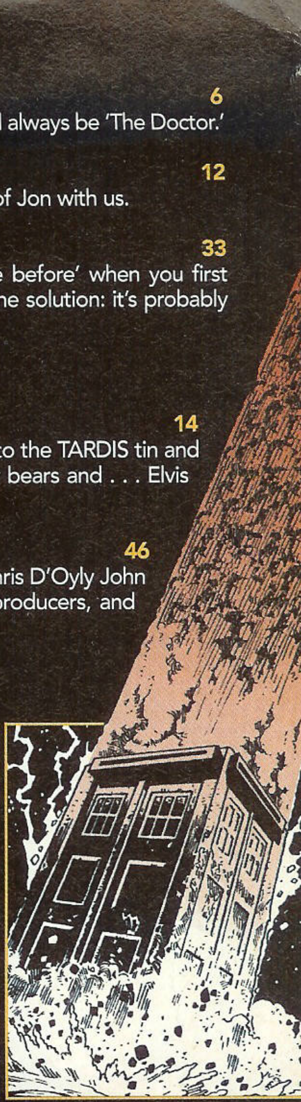

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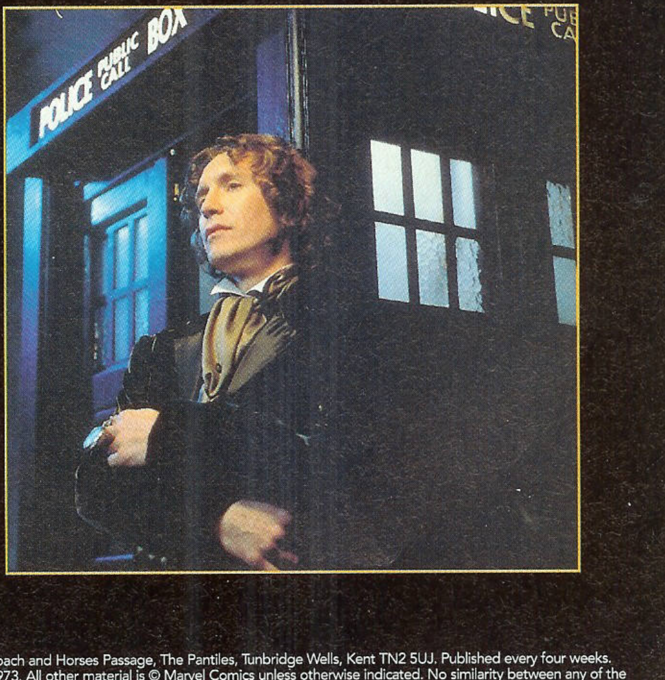

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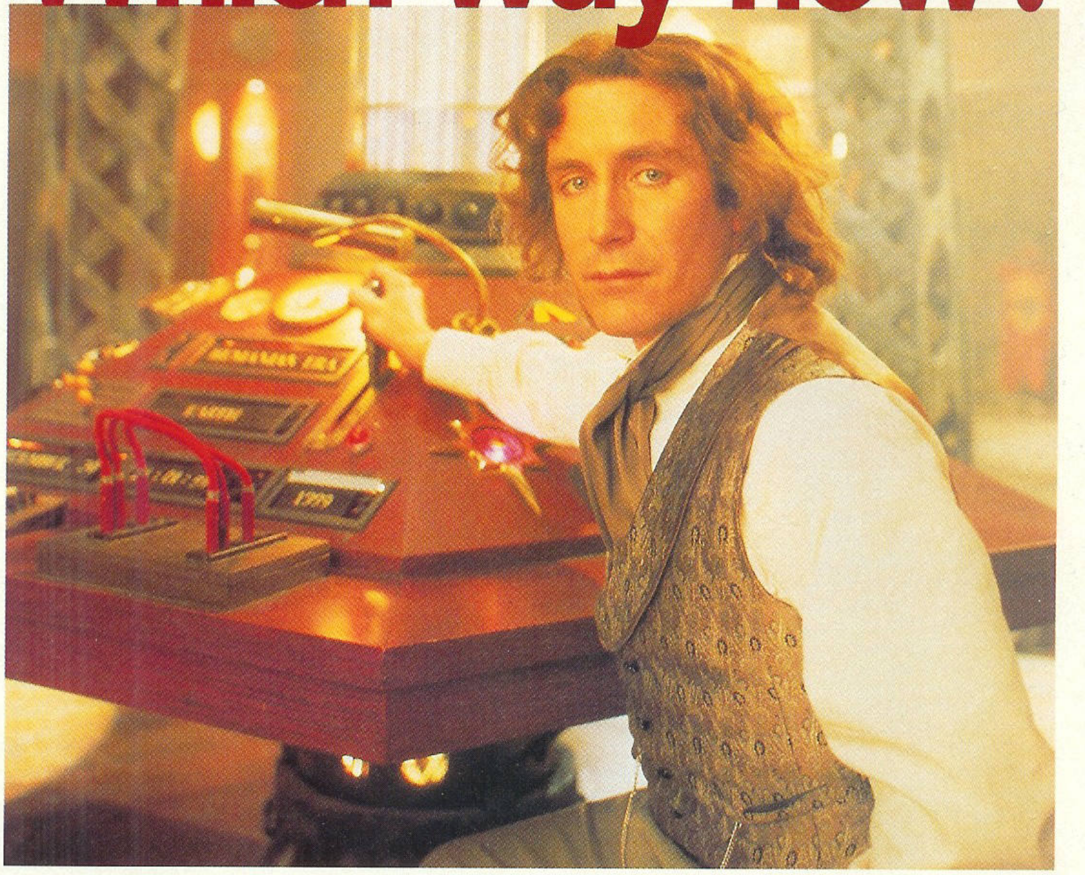
Future of *Doctor Who* remains uncertain

Which way now?



Doctor Who fans around the world are waiting patiently for news of a new series of _Doctor Who_ to follow the recent TV movie, which starred Paul McGann as the Doctor.

The film saw its UK TV debut on 27th May, when it was watched by 9.08 million viewers, making it the tenth most-watched programme on BBC1 that week; after the week's three editions of *EastEnders*, four episodes of *Neighbours*, the national lottery draw and the *Antiques Roadshow*. This rating placed it clearly ahead of the channel's two fantasy hits: *The New Adventures of Superman* (watched by 7.36M) and *Bugs* (7.37M). The final figure for *Doctor Who*'s main competition that evening, the Victorian medical drama *Bramwell*, is unconfirmed, but is believed to be around 9.1 million, some two million down on its usual weekly rating. It is also worthy of note that 9.08M is *Doctor Who*'s highest rating since Part One of the Peter Davison serial *Time-Flight* in 1982.

National press opinion on the film was divided; the tabloid press – most notably *The Sun* and the *Daily Mirror* – were very much in favour, while the broadsheet reviews (and that in the reactionary tabloid *The Daily Mail*) were generally negative. A telephone survey on BBC1's children's current affairs programme *Newsround* asked viewers if they wanted to see further *Doctor Who* adventures: out of 6000 calls, 96% said that they did. The BBC viewer opinion programme *Points of View* declared that 60% of its correspondents had enjoyed the film, 40% not.

Since the broadcast, the press and the fan network has been rife with rumours about the future of the show – both optimistic and pessimistic. **DWM** can confirm that at this stage no decision about further *Doctor Who* episodes or films has been taken. On 6th June a report on ITV's teletext service misleadingly claimed that the film had been a flop and that that no further movies would be made. In response, a BBC Worldwide spokesperson told us: "Reports that BBC Worldwide have *no* intention of producing new *Doctor Who* are untrue. However, we cannot confirm a commitment to making more films until we know for certain how the film has fared in the ratings, and how the video has sold. Everything is still very much up in the air." A publicist for BBC Drama more bluntly but more encouragingly added: "We're not going to have poured all this money into it to wash it straight down the drain."

It is now known that the Fox Network have not commissioned a full series of new *Doctor Who* episodes for the autumn, opting instead for another series of the dimension-hopping sci-fi adventure series *Sliders*. However, the possibility of a regular US series was always a long shot and does not mean that Fox would be unwilling to buy future stand-alone TV movies.

So the wait continues. We know that all parties have an option until Christmas on future product based on the new *Doctor Who* format. As the film, by anyone's measure, can be judged a success in Britain, it would appear that BBC Worldwide would be the most willing to commit to further 'episodes', especially as the corporation is not in the habit of discarding successful drama concepts in these competitive times. If Fox, and in turn Universal, are unwilling to proceed with developing a series, then Worldwide may very well seek co-production funding elsewhere.

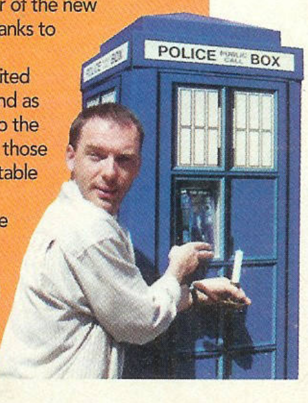
Competition!

Win some cardboard!

Don't laugh, but we have TEN *Doctor Who* video sales display units (modelled here by **DWM** designer Paul Vyse, valiantly trying to recreate the cover of the new *Doctor Who* video) to give away thanks to our chums at Beeb Vid.

Seriously, dear reader, only a limited number of these were produced, and as most will eventually be consigned to the bins behind your local Woolworths, those that survive will soon be very collectable indeed!

To stand a chance of winning one all you have to do is come up with the most amusing but appropriate phrase the acronym 'TARDIS' could stand for. Send your answers to the address on page three.



BBC Books to take over from Virgin

After some months of confusion, the future of *Doctor Who* book publishing in the UK now seems clear.

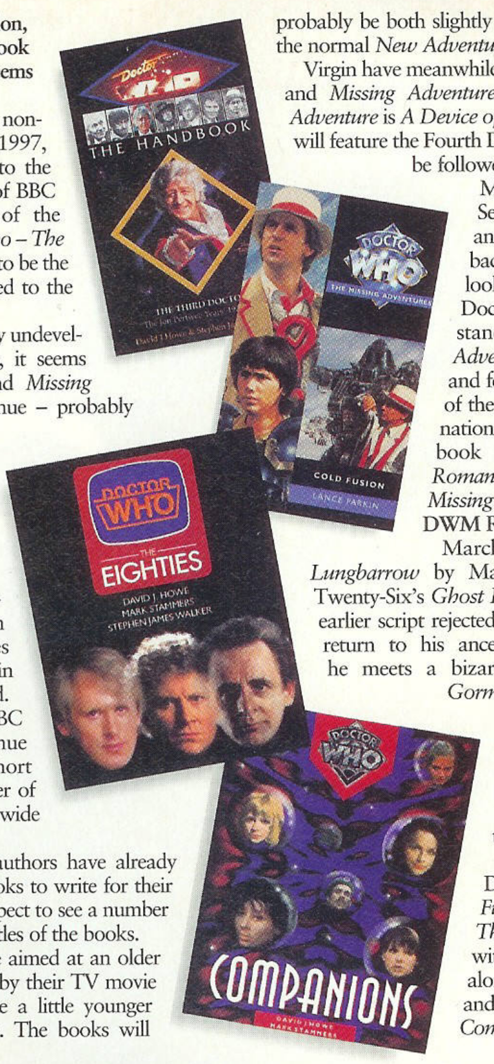
Virgin Books' fiction and non-fiction licenses expire in May 1997, after which time they revert to the BBC. BBC Books, a division of BBC Worldwide and publishers of the recent novelisation *Doctor Who – The Novel of the Film,* then intend to be the sole publishers of books related to the series.

BBC Books' plans are largely undeveloped at this stage. However, it seems clear that both the *New* and *Missing Adventures* ranges will continue – probably under different names – with Paul McGann's Doctor taking the central role in the 'New Adventures'. The company is also keen to publish a third monthly range of novels, but what form these will take is undecided – although a series of stories in which the Doctor becomes involved with key moments in Earth history has been mooted.

We also understand that BBC Books is keen to continue publishing Doctor Who short story collections in the manner of Virgin's *Decalog* series, and a wide range of non-fiction.

Many established Virgin authors have already been approached by BBC Books to write for their new ranges, so readers can expect to see a number of familiar names under the titles of the books.

BBC Books' output will be aimed at an older readership than that targeted by their TV movie novelisation, but perhaps one a little younger than that pursued by Virgin. The books will probably be both slightly cheaper and slightly shorter than the normal *New Adventures*.



Virgin have meanwhile confirmed all but their final *New* and *Missing Adventures* for 1997. February's *Missing Adventure* is *A Device of Death*, by Christopher Bulis, and will feature the Fourth Doctor, Sarah and Harry. This will be followed by *The Dark Path* by David A McIntee, which will 'star' the Second Doctor, Jamie and Victoria, and will explore the history and background of the Master, with a look at why he turned to evil and the Doctor became his enemy. We understand that Virgin's final *Missing Adventure* will be by Gareth Roberts and feature his favourite TARDIS team of the Fourth Doctor, the second incarnation of Romana and K9. Gareth's first book using these characters, *The Romance of Crime*, won the Favourite *Missing Adventure* category in the recent DWM Readers' Survey.

March's *New Adventure* will be *Lungbarrow* by Marc Platt, the writer of Season Twenty-Six's *Ghost Light*. *Lungbarrow* is based on an earlier script rejected by the BBC and sees the Doctor return to his ancestral home on Gallifrey where he meets a bizarre collection of relatives in a *Gormenghast*-style adventure.

Interestingly, Virgin plan their last *New Adventure* to feature Paul McGann's Doctor, although there is some confusion as to how this might fit in with the terms of the company's license.

Shown here are the covers to the December *Missing Adventure*, *Cold Fusion*, and the reference work *The Third Doctor Handbook* – both with covers by Alister Pearson – alongside the jackets for *The Eighties* and the paperback reprint of *The Companions*.

Meanwhile . . .

◆ BBV, the independent production company behind Sylvester McCoy's video diary *Bidding Adieu*, is to shoot two more additions to its 'PROBE' series of adventures, which star Caroline John and Louise Jameson – the former recreating her role as *Doctor Who* companion Liz Shaw. The tapes – *Unnatural Selection* and *The Ghosts of Winterborne* – will be in the shops by late summer.

◆ In addition to the guests listed in the advertisement last issue, Colin Baker will be appearing at the Icon '96 convention in Llandudno on 3rd and 4th August. For more details phone 01745 343388. Colin has also been confirmed as the star guest at the Llangollen *Doctor Who* weekend, as mentioned in last issue's *Gallifrey Guardian*.

◆ Games company MMG have released a new *Doctor Who* card game in the UK, with limited availability in other countries. The game, which follows a similar format to the hugely successful *Magic* customisable card game, will consist of a sixty-card starter deck which can be expanded with twelve-card booster packets that can enhance and build the excitement of the game. The complete expanded collection will contain 300 cards, including many rare or ultra-rare cards. It can be found in most leading games retailers, including WH Smith and Game. It should also be available from trading card distributor CMA.

MMG have kindly offered us FIVE starter decks to give away in a competition. One could be winging its way to you if you tell us what the Fifth Doctor's favourite game was. Send your answers to the address on page three.

Outside the Spaceship

Doctors Tom Baker has been narrating the periodic six-part Radio 2 science documentary series *Explorer II*, which began on 21st May.

Peter Davison and his *A Very Peculiar Practice* co-star Joanna Kanska road-tested the latest model of the Saab motor car for *The Daily Mail*'s *Weekend Magazine* on 4th May. He features in the first episodes of *All Creatures Great and Small* which are now on release from BBC Video. The Sci-Fi Channel has been running *The Tomorrow People* featuring Peter's first television performance as Elmer in *A Man For Emily* (with Sandra Dickinson) – it has to be seen to be believed and can be viewed again on the cable version from mid-September.

Within days of DWM 240 going to press, news came through that *Fear of Frying*, Colin Baker's latest touring play, had been cancelled after a disappointing first week at the Epsom Playhouse. Colin featured in an ITV repeat of the *Crosswits* series from two years ago and a rare BBC1 appearance on food quiz *Eat Your Words* on 3rd June.

Paul McGann will be busy through to August filming *One Golden Afternoon*, a period drama directed by Charles Sturridge. The feature film also stars Harvey Keitel and Peter O'Toole. Paul's groundbreaking film *Withnail and I* is provisionally scheduled for broadcast on Channel 4 on 18th July. Curiously, his brother Stephen is appearing as Wild Bill Hickok in a stage production of *Calamity Jane* – presumably Paul loaned him the costume!

Peter Cushing is among the many distinguished actors who appeared in the 1980 anthology series *Hammer House of Horror*, which comes to Bravo from 12th July.

Masters Roger Delgado's *Randall and Hopkirk: Deceased* performance as Tapiro was recently repeated on BBC2 and can be seen again on Bravo during the series' run from 3rd July.

Eric Roberts plays sleazy drug baron Bubba Rocque alongside *The New Adventures of Superman*'s Teri Hatcher in the feature film *Heaven's Prisoners* which was selling at the Cannes Film Festival. He played Jan Scruggs in the 1988 film *To Heal a Nation* which Channel 4 broadcast in the early hours of 12th May.

Companions Big-screen Susie Roberta Tovey featured in the *Where Are They Now* section of June's *Empire* magazine.

Jean Marsh was at the centre of controversy around the London-only region broadcast of the documentary *Upstairs Downstairs Remembered* and repeats of the first series of the classic production. Jean and colleagues put pressure on LWT's new owner Granada through Equity to allow the repeats, which Granada had attempted to stop. Jean was joined at the press launch by former colleagues including Gareth Hunt (*Planet of the Spiders*), Jenny Tomasin (*Revelation of the Daleks*) and Simon Williams (*Remembrance of the Daleks*).

Deborah Watling could be seen as Lewis Carroll's famous lead character in the October 1965 *Wednesday Play: Alice* at the National Film Theatre as part of a tribute to the late Dennis Potter in June. She has finally left *Don't Dress For Dinner* after a marathon engagement.

Caroline John recently played Grace Winslow in a revival of Terence Rattigan's *The Winslow Boy* at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

Mary Tamm has a Special Guest Star role as the glamorous music agent Alex in the forthcoming British film *Night Swimming*. Her three-part series *The Assassination Run*, first broadcast on BBC1 in 1980, begins on UK Gold on 16th July.

Mark Strickson was taken on last October as an associate producer at Bristol-based Partridge Films, one of the best known wildlife documentary production companies in the world. His most recent work has been the snake film *Ten Deadliest* for The Discovery Channel.

Nicola Bryant is now confirmed to be reprising the role of Martine in the third series of BBC1's *The Biz*, which has now been extended to twelve episodes.

Sophie Aldred is committed to various projects until next January with a new series of *Words and Pictures* for the BBC, children's quiz *It's A Mystery* plus another forthcoming children's show for ITV and her continuing presentation work for TCC.

Bonnie Langford appeared for a short season in her own cabaret show *The Other Side of Bonnie Langford – Musicals to Motown* at The Green Room at the Café Royal in late May. *Dominic May*

Jon Pertwee

a tribute

Over the course of seven decades, the unique talent of the late **Jon Pertwee** entertained millions. **Stephen Cartwright** pays tribute to the man and his work.

BIOLOGICAL
Radiant
Come over to Radiant for the WHITER WHITE
Radio Times
tv
HIGH JINKS
RAY ALAN
TICH & QUACKERS
BBC1 FRIDAY
A Season of Hitchcock Films PAGE 34

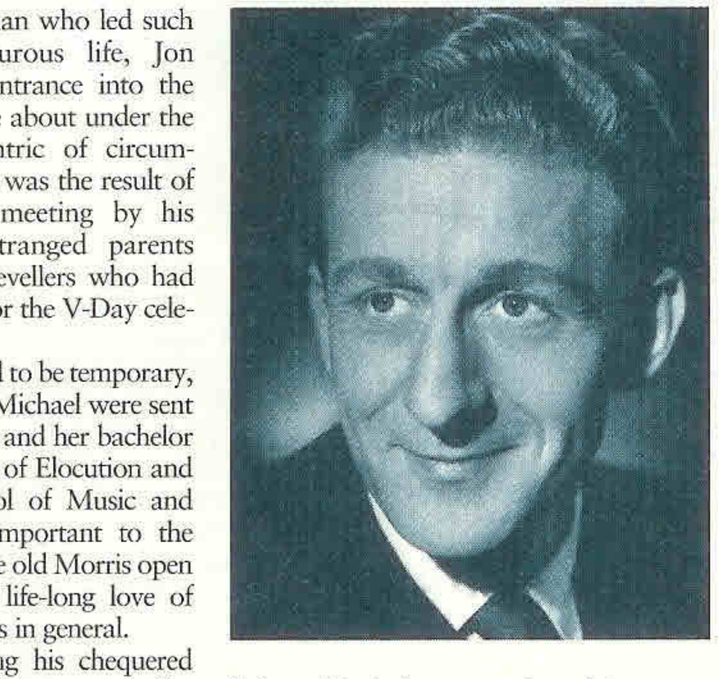
Opposite page:
Jon Pertwee with hairy friend at his 1969 press launch for *Doctor Who.*

As befits a man who led such an adventurous life, Jon Pertwee's entrance into the world came about under the most eccentric of circumstances. He was the result of a chance meeting by his already estranged parents amid the revellers who had gathered in Piccadilly Circus for the V-Day celebrations in November 1918.

The parental reunion proved to be temporary, and Jon and his elder brother Michael were sent to live with their grandmother and her bachelor son. Uncle Guy was Professor of Elocution and Verse at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, but that was less important to the youngsters than his immaculate old Morris open tourer, the begetter of Jon's life-long love of vintage cars and motor vehicles in general.

Father Roland, who during his chequered career had spent time as an artist, actor, novelist and playwright before becoming a successful Hollywood scenario writer, re-married in 1927 and took over the upbringing of his sons. Writing had made him wealthy, and his large Kensington residence included a cook, a parlourmaid and a butler among its household staff. Nevertheless, young Jon loathed his strict new stepmother, and his relationship with his father remained stiffly Victorian in tone.

Although, when in full anecdotal flow, he would often paint an idyllic picture of boyhood adventures catching snakes in the Caterham hills and shooting the rapids on a home-made raft at his father's fishing retreat in Devon, Jon's childhood was often unhappy. He hated most of his schools, of which there were several. At the age of eight he was expelled from his first, Aldro, for breaking a lavatory chain while impersonating Tarzan. At his second school, Wellington House, he was able to stave off the unhappiness of intermittent beatings with music (he had a fine treble voice, and always retained an affection for boys' church choirs, often citing recordings of the famous treble Ernest Lush among his 'desert island discs'). But it was at Sherborne, the prestigious Dorset boarding school to which he was sent at thirteen, that he was exposed to the full horrors of the public school tradition – ice-cold communal baths at the crack of dawn, the iniquities of the 'fagging' system, violent team games and pitiless bullying. He finally found scholastic happiness at Frensham Heights, a progressive co-educational establishment to which he was moved by his father after being expelled from Sherborne.



Left:
A 1950 portrait of Jon Pertwee.

There he was encouraged to indulge his early passions for gardening and, of course, acting; with likeminded schoolmates he created an open-air theatre in the school grounds and played, among other things, Sir Andrew Aguecheek in *Twelfth Night*.

During his youth there were encounters with now legendary figures – a cousin, the actress Jill Esmond, was the first wife of the most famous actor of the twentieth century, Laurence Olivier, later a source of unstinting encouragement and advice to the budding drama student. At Wellington House he was a contemporary of John Profumo's, while as a young actor before the war he played opposite the daughter of Winston Churchill, taking tea with the great man on more than one occasion. One of his most extraordinary stories was of striking up an acquaintance with the exiled Abyssinian Emperor Haile Selassie on Brighton West Pier during Jon's stint there in the late thirties. But perhaps his most exclusive boast was that at the age of eight he had been an occasional playmate of Christopher Robin Milne, and was personally acquainted with the original Piglet, Owl, Kanga, Eeyore and even Winnie the Pooh himself!

Jon resolved at seventeen to pursue the family's theatrical leanings and become an actor. Rejected by the Central School of Drama, who informed him that his partial lisp would prevent him from ever finding employment, he instead won a place at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Here he was to be further disillusioned by the educational system and was expelled after refusing to play the part of a wind in a production of Euripedes's *Iphigeneia*. "I was anxious to become an actor," he would explain in later years with humorous indignation, "not a flatulent noise-effects man!" He was allowed to complete the term and, much to the principal's chagrin, was picked out by no less a personage than Noel Coward as the most talented performer in the end-of-term production.

It was while at RADA that the teenage Jon Pertwee acquired his taste for dressing with a dandified elegance which was unusual even in the 1930s, cutting a dash in white ruffled shirts and his grandfather's

Below left:
Jon with Joan Turner in rehearsals for *Summer Stars* in 1956.

Below right:
Jon clowns around with Mrs Phyllis Hancock from Weston-Super-Mare at the Inventors Exhibition in 1953.

Left to right: A dapper Jon Pertwee, accompanied by Rita Charlott, arriving at the Empire, Leicester Square for the premiere of *Top Secret* in 1952; *Will Any Gentleman?*, a 1953 film featuring both Jon Pertwee and William Hartnell (third and fourth from left respectively); the cast of the radio comedy show *The Navy Lark* in 1966, at the recommissioning of the Navy frigate HMS Troutbridge; Jon Pertwee with two of his beloved modes of transport, his own motorcycle, and Bessie, his car from *Doctor Who*.

Inverness cape – the very garment he was later to don for his first *Doctor Who* photocall, becoming the basis of the third Doctor's wardrobe.

His first professional engagement was in 1937 with the small-scale ALS touring company, quickly followed by repertory at the Springfield Theatre, Jersey, for the princely sum of £3 a week. He was sacked almost immediately for playing practical jokes on his fellow actors, including cracking an egg into the leading man's palm when shaking hands during a performance. Pursued by a growing reputation as a troublemaker, he took small parts in weekly rep at Birmingham, York and Liverpool, before landing a season on Brighton West Pier. It was here that he experienced every actor's weekly rep nightmare, of accidentally 'making up' and getting into costume for the wrong show. Realising with horror that he was attired as an ageing gardener but was due on stage as a young clergyman, the story goes that he whipped off his false beard, popped his head round the door of the set and excused his absence on the grounds of "boll weevils in the antirrhinums". His facility for brilliantly funny off-the-cuff improvisation was to remain with him always.

London's West End beckoned in 1938, with roles in *Judgement Day*, *Goodbye Mr Chips* and *To Kill a Cat*. The latter, written by his father, was where he made the acquaintance of an eighteen-year-old stage manager called Shaun Sutton, later to become Jon's overall boss on *Doctor Who* as the BBC's Head of Series and Serials.

In the same year he made his first radio broadcast, *Lilliburlero*, but his real break came when he was asked by an actor friend, John Salew, to stand in at a moment's notice in a radio show which clashed with a lucrative film role. Impressed by Jon's performance and incensed by Salew's conduct, the radio producer offered Jon not only another part, but every other one of Salew's many ongoing roles in radio soap operas. Suddenly he was earning between £40 and £50 a week – a fortune for a young actor at the time.

Below: Jon and wife Ingeborg with their new-born son Sean in 1964.

After a few jobs as a film extra, he won his first speaking movie role in *The Four Just Men* (1939), written by and also featuring his father. It was at this point that a very promising career was rudely interrupted by the outbreak of the Second World War.

Joining the Royal Navy despite suffering from seasickness, Ordinary Seaman Pertwee was exposed to perilous adventures at Portsmouth Barracks, on one occasion strafed by machine-gun fire from Stuka dive-bombers while rescuing survivors of an air-raid. He trained to be a telegraphist but, true to form, failed his tests and instead found himself posted on board HMS Hood, a battle-cruiser stationed at Scapa Flow in the Orkney Islands, from where she escorted merchant convoys to and from Russia. It was on board the Hood that Jon woke one morning after a high-spirited birthday celebration to discover that his forearm had been decorated with a green and scarlet cobra tattoo, a memento which unsurprisingly stayed with him for the rest of his life – and even made fleeting appearances in a couple of *Doctor Who* stories.

In May 1941 HMS Hood sailed into action against the Bismarck, the infamous German destroyer. Just hours before the battle, Jon and fifteen others were selected for officer cadet training and taken off board for transfer to barracks. He was scarcely back on dry land when the news arrived that the Hood had taken three direct hits and gone down with 1412 men. Only three survived. "It was a terrible, shocking thing, and I have never really got over it," he later wrote in his autobiography, "To have had so many good friends die in the time it takes to snap your fingers."

Promoted to sub-lieutenant after completion of his officer training, he was posted to HMS Valkyrie on the Isle of Man. Here he formed the Service Players, an amateur theatre group which still runs to this day, and a concert party company to entertain the troops. It was here that he found the incentive and experience to pursue his post-war career as a stand-up comedian. In addition to singing comic songs, accompanying himself on guitar and ukulele, he astonished audiences with a fake 'mind-reading' act which involved a large turban, a pair of Naval earphones and an off-stage wireless operator.

Towards the end of the war he was transferred to Intelligence, touring the country to give lectures on security and briefing commandos on the use of escapology equipment. From there he moved to Naval Broadcasting, devising and performing in radio revue programmes for the entertainment of all three services at home and abroad.

It was his involvement with Naval Intelligence that was to lead to the big career break which would make him a household name in the post-war years. Sent by his superiors to 'spy' on a recording of Eric Barker's popular Naval comedy show *Mediterranean Merry-Go-Round*, whose satirical content was becoming a little too *risqué*, Jon found himself standing in for an absentee performer. Upon being offered a regular place on the team, he duly sent back a report to the Admiralty which cleared the show of all charges and ensured its survival!

From here began Jon's inexorable rise in radio comedy during the 1950s. *Mediterranean Merry-Go-Round* and its civilian spin-off, *Waterlogged Spa*, saw the creation of his first long-running characters, including the stammering Mr Cook (catchphrase: "Er-ber-der-ber-der-ber, that's right, yes!"), Svenson the incomprehensible Norwegian ("Eryavdon yowdon yavdon, neggerdicrop di-bombit"), and, a cult figure in his day whose 'entrance' in each show was received with ecstatic applause, the Postman ("What does it matter what you do, as long as you tear 'em up?"). *Waterlogged Spa* was followed by a string of radio successes in which Jon rose to star status. *Puffney Post Office* was followed by *Pertwee Goes Round the Bend*, and there were plenty of one-off spots on such shows as *Vic Oliver's Variety Playhouse* and *London Lights*.

"I was anxious to become an actor, not a flatulent noise-effects man!"

Fame was cemented, however, when Michael Standing, Head of Programmes at BBC Radio, approached Jon for new ideas. Mindful of the success of military sitcoms *Bilko* and *The Army Game*, Jon suggested a comedy half-hour based on the Royal Navy. *The Navy Lark* took to the airwaves in 1958 and continued for over 240 shows and eighteen years (Jon was still recording shows alongside *Doctor Who* in the early 1970s), becoming the longest-running radio sitcom of all time. The superb ensemble cast included Leslie Phillips, Dennis Price, Stephen Murray, Ronnie Barker, Michael Bates and Tenniel Evans on board the fictitious HMS Troutbridge. From the seventh season onwards the character of Chief Petty Officer Pertwee was joined by a parade of others as Jon added to his workload by replacing Ronnie Barker as the show's 'voice man', displaying a mind-boggling array of accents and vocal contortions. There was Admiral Buttonshaw (who habitually repeated the last syllable of every line, as in "Go to the bottom of the class-arse-arse-arse . . ."), Vice Admiral 'Burbly' Burwasher (who held conversations with his own conscience, also voiced by Pertwee), and, believe it or not, a suave arch-criminal known as 'The Master'.

Alongside the radio successes came a string of stage appearances, most famously *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* and *There's a Girl in My Soup* on Broadway. Meanwhile, his reputation as a comic actor had fuelled his film career. Early pictures included *Murder at the Windmill* (1949), *Mr Drake's Duck* (1951), *Will Any Gentleman?* (1953, also featuring William Hartnell) and *A Yank in Ermine* (1956).

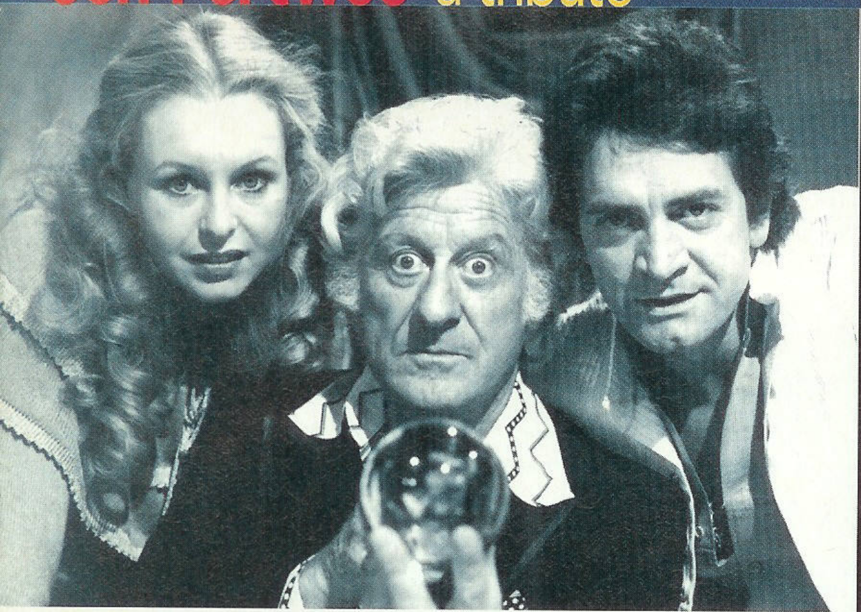
His marriage in 1955 to the actress Jean Marsh, whom he had met on the set of *Will Any Gentleman?*, was short-lived. Not so his second marriage in 1960 to German-born Ingeborg, which lasted for the rest of his life and gave him a daughter, Dariel, and a son, Sean.

During the 1960s he appeared in three of the best-remembered entries in the long-running 'Carry On . . .' film series, playing an eccentric soothsayer in *Carry On Cleo*, Sheriff Albert Earp in *Carry On Cowboy*, and Dr Fettle in *Carry On Screaming*. Also in the comedy-horror genre, he played a preposterous vampire alongside Ingrid Pitt in *The House That Dripped Blood*. By the time the film was released in 1970, however, another role had been added to Jon's repertoire – one which was to dominate his career and bring him his widest audience yet.

He first heard that Patrick Troughton was relinquishing the lead

Left: The *Doctor Who* 'family': Nicholas Courtney, Jon Pertwee, Roger Delgado and Katy Manning. Photo © BBC Video

Jon Pertwee a tribute



Above: Jon with Liza Goddard and Patrick Mower in the quiz show *Whodunnit?*

Right: Jon as the Doctor. Photo © BBC Video

role in *Doctor Who* during rehearsals for *The Navy Lark*. Tenniel Evans suggested that Jon should put himself forward for the part. He thought it an absurd idea, but nonetheless asked his agent to approach the BBC – only to find that his name was already on the shortlist.

He was originally considered for the part because of his comic abilities, and it was suggested in early meetings that his Doctor should play the guitar and sing extempore ditties. But then came the advice from Shaun Sutton to play the part "as Jon Pertwee", provoking the actor's famous response of "Who's that?" For a performer who had made his name as a voice artist, it wasn't a glib question. It was the first major role of his career which offered him no comedy accent or false moustache to hide behind.

But he rose to the occasion with a flair and finesse that were to propel *Doctor Who* to new heights of success. Jon always maintained his preference for 'team' shows rather than star turns, and, just as with *The Navy Lark*, around him there crystallised a talented cast fondly remembered as the 'Pertwee family'.

The panache and professionalism of Jon's performance went hand in hand with his continuing reputation as an inveterate practical joker. He insisted that he took the job very seriously, and that the fun and games were necessary to create the right working atmosphere. "I remember once at rehearsals, the director had to go off somewhere for an hour and left me in charge,' he once recalled. "'Right,' I said, 'We're now going to build an aeroplane from the furniture and bits and pieces in this room!' When the director came back he said, 'What have you done?' We pointed very proudly to our plane and said, 'That!'"

One of the most celebrated occasions on which Jon orchestrated a entire *Doctor Who* cast in mischief occurred during *The Curse of Peladon*. Prior to the producer's run (the important first run-through attended by the producer, Barry Letts), director Lennie Mayne had complained to the cast in lively terms and colourful language that their reaction to the climactic appearance of the monster Aggedor in the doorway of the crowded throne-room was less than sufficiently dramatic. "You wouldn't just stand like a lot of stuffed poodles, would you?" he cried. "You'd swing round, Look at all those teeth and eyes and all, and you'd say, 'Holy flaming cow!'" (or less bowdlerised words to the same effect). The producer's run was an immaculate success, until the great moment arrived. As Barry Letts later recounted, "the mighty roar of Aggedor echoed through the courtroom. The assembled company swung round in terror and in perfect unison twenty-two cried out, "Holy flaming cow!"'

Jon had no love of the scientific jargon he was called upon to speak, and would frequently replace lines of gibberish with a simple "reverse the polarity" (although, despite the now legendary status of the phrase, he only ever said "I've reversed the polarity of the neutron flow" once during his era – in Episode Six of *The Sea Devils*). "I thought it best to let people assume I was a genius and not go on about it!" he once told an interviewer. Neither was he much taken with the Daleks. "I think they're boring, but people love them so I suppose I'm wrong."

Doctor Who enabled him to indulge his love of gadgetry and hardware, not only by driving extraordinary vehicles in set-piece chase sequences (a motorbike in *The Dæmons*, a tricycle buggy in *Day of the Daleks*, jet-skis in *The Sea Devils* and gyrocopter, hovercraft and speedboat in *Planet of the Spiders*), but also by introducing Bessie, his customised Ford Popular, and the outlandish flying saucer-like Whomobile, which he helped to design with a Nottingham engineering firm.

All good things must come to an end, and he left *Doctor Who* in 1974 at the peak of his success in the part. Exactly why he departed remains uncertain – in recent times he would claim, perhaps only half in jest, that he asked for more money and was summarily shown the door. According to script editor Terrance Dicks, Jon was receiving offers from stage, television and film, and was often heard to remark, "If I keep on saying no, they may stop asking me!" Then there was the

Guest Starring . . . Jon Pertwee

The Avengers

The Goodies

Carry On Screaming

Virtual Murder

and *Surprise Surprise*, Jon's last TV appearance

Left: Jon as *Worzel Gummidge*, his other great small-screen creation.

"I thought it best to let people assume I was a genius and not go on about it!"

Below, left: Jon joins Wendy Richard and Gillian Taylforth of *EastEnders* for the 1993 *Doctor Who Children in Need* skit *Dimensions in Time.*
Photo © BBC

disintegration of the 'family' which had begun with the departure of Katy Manning in early 1973 and was followed so tragically by the death of his great friend Roger Delgado a matter of weeks later. "When he died, I was terribly upset," Jon told *The Sun* newspaper in 1974. "Then the producer, Barry Letts, decided to leave. So did the script editor . . . It was the end of an era."

And so it was, but for Jon Pertwee it was also the beginning of another. He returned to the stage in *The Bedwinner* and *Irene* (the latter for a two-year run), and popped up in films such as *One of our Dinosaurs is Missing* (1975) and *Adventures of a Private Eye* (1977). On television he was seldom far from the celebrity circuit of interviews and quiz shows, even hosting his own; a popular panel game called *Whodunnit?* in which his guests had to solve murder-mysteries acted out by the resident cast.

Then came perhaps his greatest acting role of all – certainly it was the one of which he was the most proud. He had originally been offered *Worzel Gummidge* years earlier while still playing the Doctor, and it was largely his own enthusiasm and belief in the project that finally brought it to the screen in 1979. Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall's adaptation of Barbara Euphan Todd's stories gave Jon the second great starring role of his television career, and although the beautifully filmed series was brought to a premature end in 1981 when Southern Television lost its franchise, a follow-up was produced in New Zealand from 1987 to 1989 called *Worzel Gummidge Down Under*. A generation of children laughed and cried along with the crazy escapades of the loveable scarecrow brought to life by the affection of two youngsters. Heavy on pathos as well as slapstick, Worzel Gummidge was constructed around the brilliant interplay between Geoffrey Bayldon's mystical, venerable Crowman, Una Stubbs' disgracefully selfish Aunt Sally, and Pertwee's towering central performance as the shambling, naughty, adorable Worzel. In its affecting celebration of a long-lost England of sunny country lanes, village fetes and cricket on the green amidst its wildest flights of fancy, *Worzel Gummidge* was a programme with more than a touch of greatness about it. Not unlike *Doctor Who*, in fact.

Worzel also gave Jon Pertwee – long established as a recording artist through his performances of children's nursery favourites and soundtrack recordings such as *Oliver!*, *My Fair Lady* and Hans Christian Andersen – his only taste of the pop singles chart in the form of *Worzel's Song*. He appears in the *Guinness Book of British Hit Singles* just above *Pet Shop Boys*.

During the 1980s he was kept busy not only by new projects but by the *Doctor Who* industry that refused to leave him alone - not that he would have wanted that. He appeared in the twentieth anniversary adventure *The Five Doctors* in 1983 and was the first Doctor to take the stage at the massive Longleat Celebration, receiving a deafening ovation. Indeed, from the early 1980s onward no *Doctor Who* convention on either side of the Atlantic would seem complete without Jon Pertwee striding triumphantly up the aisle with arms spread wide, crying "I am the Doctor!" as flashbulbs popped all around him and the roof was raised with cheering. He would delight audiences with his bottomless supply of outrageous anecdotes, and his talent as a raconteur made him the most irresistible of convention guests. He could leave a packed convention hall helpless with laughter after a lively retelling of the 'ship's compass' story or a suspiciously embroidered rendition of the 'cheetah' anecdote.

In 1984 he published *Moon Boots and Dinner Suits*, a volume of autobiography in which he recounted with warmth and wit the triumphs and disasters of his childhood, wartime exploits and experiences as a young actor. At the same time he showed no signs of retiring from the acting profession or the public eye, despite occasional bouts of illness. A little before his seventieth birthday in 1989 he completed the first leg of the nationwide theatre tour of *Doctor Who – The Ultimate Adventure*. In 1992 he returned to the cinema as the Duke of Costa Brava in *Carry On Columbus*, while in the same year his performance as a demented arsonist in BBC1's off-beat detective series *Virtual Murder* was a real delight, reminding viewers that Jon Pertwee wasn't just an elder statesman of the variety world but also a character actor of rare talent. 1993 saw him back in the theatre as Marley's Ghost in *A Christmas Carol* at Birmingham, and in 1995 he embarked on a lengthy one-man tour. The previous year he received a 'Gotcha' award from Noel Edmonds with typical good grace, enduring the practical jokers' attempts to shower him with embarrassment during a supposedly live radio show with the unflappable dignity of a true pro.

And, of course, there was always *Doctor Who* – whether narrating audiotapes, recording talking books, presenting video releases or making a young fan's dream come true on Cilla Black's *Surprise Surprise!*, the Doctor kept him busy. In 1993 he appeared in the *Children in Need* special *Dimensions in Time*, and recorded *The Paradise of Death*, the first of two new radio adventures written by Barry Letts; *The Ghosts of N-Space* followed a year later. He remained an unflagging presence on the convention circuit, where he spoke with fatherly pride of the achievements of his children in the profession – Dariel pursues a successful theatre career in addition to television appearances such as *The Buddha of Suburbia*, while Sean's string of credits have taken him from the Royal Shakespeare Company via television series like *Hard Cases* and *Bodyguards* to the brink of major Brit movie stardom in *Shopping* and *Blue Juice*. To them he has passed the theatrical blood and performing talent of his family, and they will keep his name alive; the name of a talented man, an uproariously funny man, a larger-than-life man, and – to those of us who will always remember him as the Doctor – a great man.

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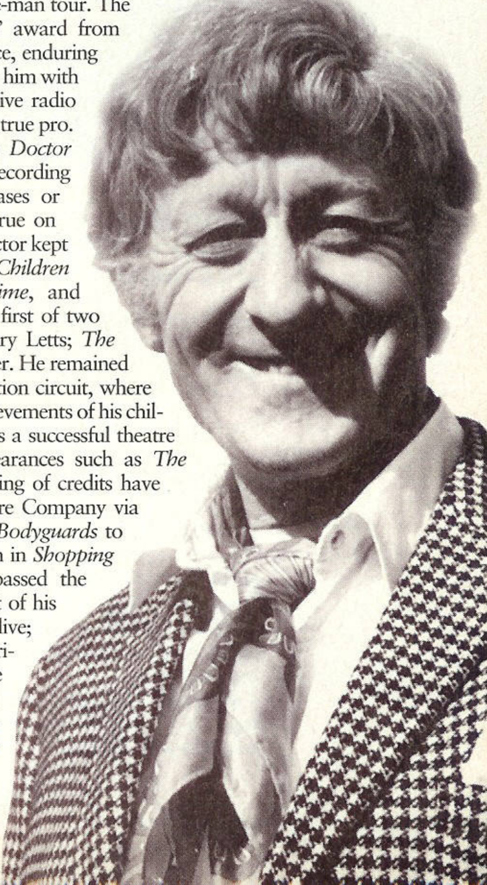


Below: A portrait of Jon Pertwee.

Jon Pertwee remembered

Nicholas Courtney played Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart opposite Jon Pertwee's Doctor in seventeen *Doctor Who* television serials and two radio plays. Initially brought together by work, they went on to become very close friends off set as well as on.

The first thing that impressed me about Jon when we started working together on *Doctor Who* was his determination that everything in the show should be right. Thus he might sometimes have irritated set designers, costume designers and the like, since he had no hesitation in speaking his mind on any aspect of the whole production. While many of us tend to concentrate on getting our contributions right, Jon had the courage to interfere. And that does take courage – because most of us get rather defensive if someone else doesn't approve of what we are doing.

The point is that Jon's motives were entirely correct. He would never want to put anyone down for the sake of it, but if he thought something was wrong he had to say so.

There was one thing that Jon did for me for which I am particularly pleased. Until I became involved with *Doctor Who*, I had always tended to be a very private person. I still like to retain a little of that privacy. But Jon encouraged me to start performing public functions – such as the opening of fêtes, giving press interviews – which led in time to going to conventions and talking to audiences. I could then appear on a panel – talking sometimes for as long as an hour-and-a-half in one session – or chat to fans in autograph queues. All these things are very good for one's self-confidence, and all actors need their self-confidence boosted from time to time.

When Jon was about to embark on *Worzel Gummidge*, I was touched when he telephoned me one morning to ask if I would like to be involved in the show. When he suggested the role of the father of the two children, I knew instinctively that I was not right for the part. He then described the other characters. Eventually I said, "Jon, it's such a shame but I don't think I'm right for any of them." He replied, "Well, Brig, there aren't many actors who would talk themselves out of a job, but I admire you for it." This anecdote serves to emphasise how much he valued the concept of teamwork.

In turn, it reminds me of another endearing phonecall from Jon. It will be remembered that he chaired a quiz show called *Whodunnit?*. I was involved in one of the sketches which required me to do an old-fashioned tango and then fall to the floor writhing in agony because of a poisoned dart in my shoe. I was uncertain how far to go in my death-throes. The director encouraged me to do more and more. He told me that it was, after all, supposed to be an exaggerated death.

Jon rang me the next day, after he'd seen the sketch, and said, "Well done, Brig, I didn't know you could do comedy."

Ah well.

These, however, are just moments out of years of happy times. I shall always remember Jon for his personal kindness to me when I was going through a difficult time. I remember his passion for work. I remember and admire his limitless energy. I shall miss his laughter and his warmth.

Above all, I shall miss his company.

Former *Doctor Who* producer **John Nathan-Turner** worked with Jon Pertwee – in different capacities – on countless occasions; during which time they developed a strong friendship.

Jon was one of our greatest entertainers and raconteurs. I must have seen his cabaret act on countless occasions, but even if I'd heard the funny story he was telling before, I would become fascinated by his technique and note how there was always an extra twist; an adjective added here, an aside added there. It all made you imagine that it was the first time you had heard this particular yarn.

As we became friends, Jon was the only person who always called me simply 'J' – apart, that is, from a few of my close chums who would delight in doing their Pertwee impression. Jon did not mind being mimicked; on a trip to America he once asked me to imitate him, which I did – appallingly. He then mimicked me – excellently.

Looking back, it's little moments such as that that I shall miss most, those Jon-ish things that helped to make him unique: his secret dragging on my cigarette while his wife, Ingeborg, went to the powder room; his invention of words – 're-popular' being my favourite; my session as his non-speaking 'stooge' in cabaret in Chicago; his being the only Doctor who one never had to ask to wear his costume for an event; my being invited to stay in his beautiful home in Pollensa while I recovered from an operation . . . so many good memories.

Above all, I will always remember a sage piece of advice he once gave me about show-business: "Do the best you can," he said, "then just take the money on Friday and buy yourself something nice!"

Stuart Money founded and ran Jon Pertwee's fan club in the 1970s. Over the years, this 'business' relationship developed into something far more meaningful for both of them. Stuart was to become a familiar face at *Doctor Who* conventions, to which he frequently accompanied Jon as his assistant and dear friend.

As a teenager, I was a big fan of *Doctor Who* – so much so that I bombarded the production office with letters begging to be allowed to watch an episode being filmed. Finally, after dozens of such requests, I received a reply from Barry Letts saying that I had been so persistent they had agreed to make an exception in my case.

So, as an emaciated, spotty, awestruck sixteen-year-old, I got to watch a recording session for *The Green Death*, and to meet my hero – Jon Pertwee.

'The tall lightbulb', with his larger than life personality, was finally introduced to me after those years of correspondence – and his response? "Good God! I didn't realise you were so young!" he exclaimed, before explaining that he had expected someone in their forties. It was to be the beginning of twenty-two years of devoted friendship.

Never one to socialise in pubs, Jon was, nevertheless, always keen to meet new people and hear their stories; many of which were then adapted for his own purposes. He was never happier than when before an audience: an audience being any more than one person. Before his death, he had been due to embark on a new one-man tour, recounting tales of his action-packed life in his own inimitable style. One can only say that those audiences have been sadly deprived.

One anecdote Jon didn't like to recount was of when friends and I visited his villa in Majorca. I had hired a car for the duration and one evening was imformed that Jon intended to take us all to dinner and insisted on driving. This was an event in itself.

After a delightful dinner we headed back to the car – Jon in one direction, me in another. "Stu, where are you going? Don't you know the way to your own car?!" he shouted to me. Jon being Jon, I naturally deferred.

The next morning, I discovered that the car he had taken home was not our hire car at all, just a similar model. Jon would have none of this, so I returned to the restaurant to find my car parked where it had been left. I enquired at the hire company if they had lost a vehicle, and was told that a car had been stolen the previous night and that all car hire on the island had been stopped since. Typically, Jon never accepted that he was to blame or had even made a mistake.

As the years passed, Jon and I became so close that he began to refer to me as "his surrogate son". I in return christened him "Surrogate papa", which was eventually shortened to just "Surpa". I often received odd looks from strangers for using this nickname in public – but Jon loved it.

Notoriously abstemious, Jon found himself in very bad company on a flight to a convention in Chicago – namely me. Having deserted Jon for a number of hours to join some like-minded pals at the bar, I returned to my seat next to him. "Good God!" he said (still his favourite exclamation). "You're asphyxiating me with your breath!"

After an undignified arrival in Chicago I naturally gave Jon a wide berth for a day before sheepishly re-presenting myself.

"How do you feel today?" he asked rhetorically.

"Not good," I replied vaguely.

"I shouldn't wonder!" he boomed before smiling to indicate that all was forgiven. We proceeded to enjoy a memorable convention in the Windy City.

So, you see, even after over twenty years as his friend, I could still feel intimidated by him. He operated on a short fuse, and when his temper blew, everyone suffered, but he would be the first to repair the cracks and carry on as if nothing had happened.

I miss that beady look, that wicked sense of humour and those endless stories. Life will never be the same without Surpa.

"When I was a child, Jon Pertwee on the radio delighted and entertained me, and made me laugh. As a young man he amazed and excited me with his performance as Doctor Who.

"When I became the Doctor myself, I met him for the first time and he became my great mate. One of the joys of going to conventions was knowing he would be there. He'd have me crying with laughter at his tales."

Sylvester McCoy *Actor*

"I am devastated. He had such presence and stature. I can't believe he's gone – it's a great shock."

Colin Baker *Actor*

"I was a great admirer of such a stylish actor."

Tom Baker *Actor*

"He was a unique and brilliant performer and much-loved by the British public."

Susan Shaper *Agent*

"He was a big man in every way, with a wonderful sense of humour."

Terry Wogan *TV Presenter*

"Jon was an extraordinary man and wonderful to work with. I am absolutely shocked and saddened and my thoughts are now with Jon's wife and children. He will be much missed."

Una Stubbs *Actor*

"Jon always had a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eye."

Barbara Windsor *Actor*

The TARDIS tin contains fifty soul-searching, bizarre and downright trivial questions. Each celebrity must answer twenty randomly selected queries . . .

Out of the TARDIS!

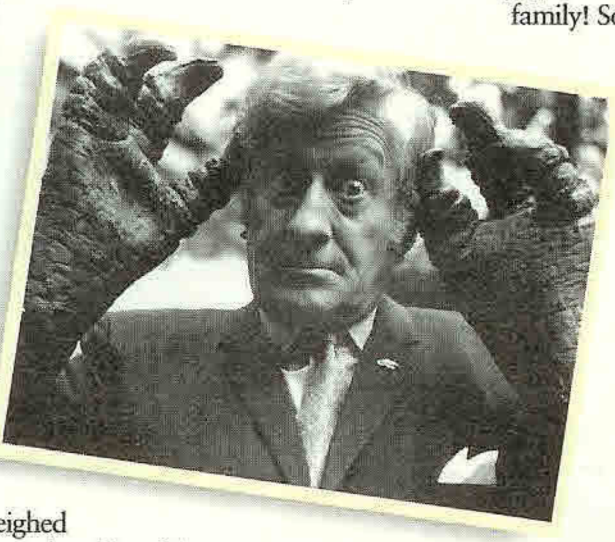
On 17 April 1996, a month before his untimely death, **DWM** visited **Jon Pertwee** at home, brandishing the TARDIS tin. Reproduced in full below are Jon's unmistakably anecdotal responses to the questions he pulled out in what was sadly to become his last interview . . .

Who or what has been your greatest inspiration?

Well, I suppose my father was a great inspiration to me because he was the best raconteur I've ever known in my life; he used to paralyse me with laughter. I used to sit around the dinner table listening and thoroughly enjoying him, but unfortunately he didn't enjoy me very much, which was a great disappointment. Although he was a very talented man – he was an eminent author, writer, and a painter – he wasn't very good with his children. So, though we laughed uproariously at him, he didn't back us very much. But the influence I had from him was his ear for dialect and impression, which my son Sean and daughter Dariel got from him too. It's a hereditary thing. So, my father was one inspiration, and I should think Noel Coward was the other. When I was fired from RADA, Noel happened to be present at the last play, and when Sir Kenneth Barnes said "Was there anybody that you particularly liked?", he said, "Yes, I liked the man who was murdered in the first act, and the very good performance by the detective who found out who murdered him in the last." And they were both me, so I was very proud and pleased with that. He was a great influence in my life.

Were you well behaved at school?

Answer – NO! I was expelled from practically every school I went to. The first was called Aldro in Eastbourne where I was expelled for the heinous crime of swinging on the lavatory chain. I fell into a loo, got jammed in it, and had to be extracted by the plumber. The headmaster said that he really couldn't tolerate this impossible child swinging on lavatory chains, and so I was soundly thrashed and expelled. Then I went to another school called Wellington House with all kinds of illustrious people – Jack Profumo from the famous scandal, George Bowering, and a lot of very infamous, titled people, it was a very toffee-nosed school – run by a headmaster called PC Underhill who weighed about twenty-three stone. He beat people with a side spat, and every time he hit you with it you went through the wall. But I liked him, extraordinarily – I've always liked certain people even though they were fierce.



Then I went to Sherborne, and I was expelled from there as well. That was a public school. I hated it, I hated everything it stood for, and still do. My brother was also there; I used to go along and put my head through his window and talk to him but I was told this was not allowed, so I wasn't even allowed to speak to my own brother. I was beaten, soundly thrashed about every week, and eventually I rebelled and told my fag master, my prefect, that if he touched me again I'd kill him. He said, "That's insolent; go into the courtyard to be beaten." This was the last day of term which is something you don't normally do – beat people on last days of term – you let it all hang out a bit, or at least you're supposed to. Anyway, I got a cane from another prefect's study, and when the fag master came down the steps I leapt out and said, "Have at you!" and gave him one across the face which unfortunately cut him like a razor blade and he had about eighteen stitches in his face. The headmaster thought it wasn't a good idea for me to stay on there any longer, and so I was kicked out of there as well.

Then I went to a co-educational school called Frensham Heights, which was for girls and boys and *that* was what I call an education! That was lovely; it was in a beautiful country house and the classrooms were in sort of converted stables. It was a very good education. I don't know that I learnt academically anything very much – I built an open-air theatre, which is still there I believe, and a lot of very illustrious actors come from there. It was a very good co-ed school. And so I wasn't thrown out of there, but I then went to RADA and, as is well-known, I was thrown out of there for refusing to be a wind in a Greek play.

Who was your first best friend?

My first best friends were Jackie, 'Uey and the Gunters' boys. They were from the West Country, where I was living at the time. The Gunters' boys were the miller's sons, and Jackie and 'Uey were also from the mill. I used to go down to their farm on my bike and we used to sit and eat monstrous slabs of home-baked bread with thick butter and golden syrup, and big mugs of tea. I was always a rebel, you see, and I didn't make friends with Lord Montmorency or Captain Fortescue's son – I used to go around with the rag-tag-and-bob-tail crowd. There was also Tom Pike. He was a poacher, and he taught me how to tickle salmon – that's where you put your hand in the water very slowly, while the salmon's just by the river bank at night, and you get your hand underneath it and slowly touch it and tickle it; it likes that and keeps still, then you go higher up near the gills and when the gills open you stick your fingers in and whip him out onto the bank. The only trouble was, I was busy tickling a salmon at a place called Hyley Pool – and Hyley Pool belonged to my own family! So I was poaching my own salmon and my father soundly thrashed me for that. Again! We also used to put carbide crystals into a tin under a tree, drip water onto it and this formed a gas, and all the birds in the tree used to breath this and go "Uuuuurghh" and fall out, so you got pheasants and pigeons and that sort of thing.

There was a fella called Wally, too. Wally had a bow and arrow, and he said, "I'm deadly accurate with this bow and arrow," and I said "Good," and put an apple on my head and said, "Well, shoot that off!" I never thought for a moment he would shoot, but he did! He shot at the apple, and the arrow hit me right here by my eye – I've still got the scar. That friendship didn't last long – my grandmother wasn't best pleased about that. I was living with her at the time – she was the most wonderful Victorian Martinet lady. I adored her, she was my favourite. And my Uncle Guy, who never had a day's illness in his life until one day he had a bit of a headache, and so I gave him an aspirin and it nearly killed him, because it does if you're not used to taking it! Uncle Guy talked like this: "I've oft . . . I've often to . . . I've often told this . . . story . . . When he . . . Whenever he got . . . I say, look here . . I've often . . ." And he taught elocution! He was the Professor of Elocution at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and all the schoolgirls were madly in love with him, but I think he was completely celibate; I don't think he ever pleasured anybody, poor soul.

Of all your clothes, what is your favourite single item?

Good question. [Very long pause] I'm of a sort of Austrian/German connection on my mother's side; I spent a lot of time there. In fact I met Ingeborg, my wife, in Kitzbuhl. In different parts of Austria there are different coloured jackets worn, depending on the region, rather like a tartan; so if, for example, you wear a dark bottle green jacket with a black velvet collar, people know you're from Kitzbuhl. I had a tailor make me one of those and it's the most elegant thing. It's *fun* to wear because it's automatically a conversation piece. I've had it for years and years, and I rebuild it from time to time when it wears out. I suppose I ought to mention my *Doctor Who* cape; that belonged to my grandfather. It was an Inverness cape, and I still have the original black one.

My wife says that my favourite article of clothing is the one I was wearing when I met her in Kitzbuhl. It's an abominable old Teddy Bear coat. You know what teddy bears fur looks like – the sort of short fur? Well, I had a fur coat like that which went right down to the ankles, very light, and very much the 'in thing'. Every young man used to save up and try and achieve the goal of owning a Bentley car and one of these camel coloured coats.

What is the most frightening film you have seen?

I'm not a great horror film buff. I've enjoyed acting in them because you can send them up, but I don't see a lot of them. I saw *Psycho* in the cinema, and what made me jump like hell was when that figure appeared at the top of the stairs, because it came as a complete shock. Actually, I can remember the *most* frightening film: it was *Repulsion* by Roman Polanski. There was this girl, played by Catherine Deneuve, and she was obsessed with things, which wasn't helped by always hearing her sister being bonked in the room next door. She was sitting in a dressing room looking in the mirror, and the camera was shooting her reflection when suddenly, across the screen, walked a man [demonstrates dramatically]. Just like that. No faster than that, and I almost died of fright! It was completely unexpected, he didn't make a thing of it, you just saw this white face go across. So I think that was the most frightening. ▶

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

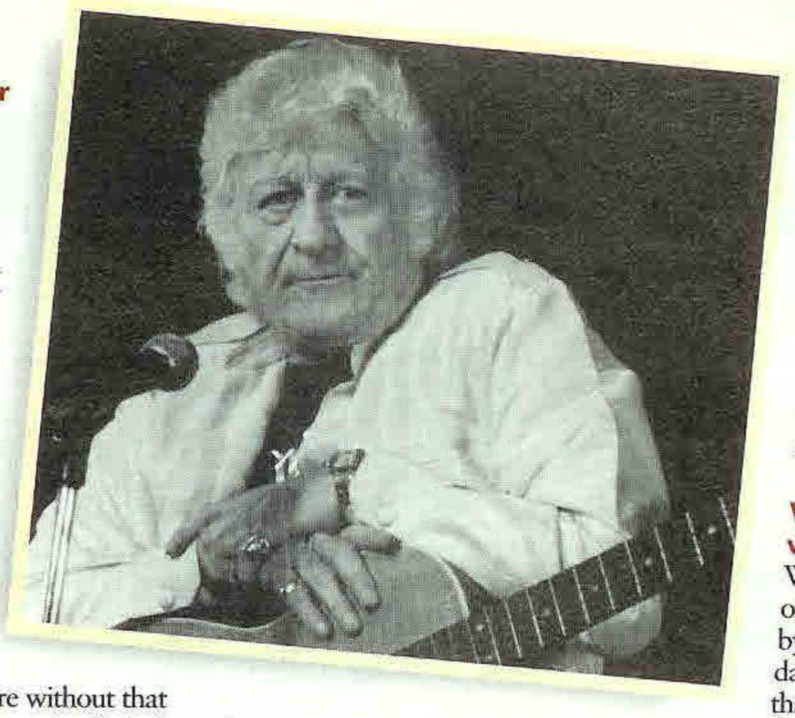
Far left above: Jon in 1955, pictured with then-wife Jean Marsh, brother Michael and sister-in-law Valerie French.

Far left, below: Jon at his 1969 photocall for *Doctor Who*.

What would you like written on your gravestone?

"Well, I tried."

What items do you always carry with you?



Well, I don't smoke – well, not my own, I smoke other people's, so I don't carry cigarettes. I *always* have a Filofax, and a pen. I also can't count – naturally, having been expelled from every school before I learnt anything – so I usually have a calculator. I have a little pill box, which contains painkillers for this problem I have with my spine. Always a brush. I carry all this in a very old leather bag which was made for me in Ibiza in the fifties by an artisan – it's a beautiful piece of work, falling to bits now. But I never really go anywhere without that because I need something to carry all this gear in. So I always have that bag, with all those things in it.

Is Elvis still alive?

Yes, he is, but he's changed his name to PJ Proby. He's now appearing on stage – to rather thin audiences, I gather. Kenny Earle, my friend the agent, rang me the other day and said, "Oh, I can't be long, Japes, because I've got to go and see the opening night of *Elvis*. Well, I suppose *somebody's* got to be there!" The critics tore it to pieces.

I've been to Elvis' house – not Gracelands, the other one. I don't think I could stand Gracelands, I think I'd throw up. I'm not a fan. I'm not a fan of anybody. I'm an *appreciator*; I like the best of everything. There certainly wasn't anybody better at Rock and Roll than he was, so I liked him. Just like sport – I can't bear seeing Saturday sport, just football game after football game, but I'll see the Cup Final. I love to watch ice skating and see the championships; I think it's a magnificent sport. Skating moves me to tears now, it's so staggeringly good. There was a black girl from France the other day; Jesus Christ, she did a double back somersault *on the ice*! I mean, to do *single* somersault is a miracle, but she did a double one! Incredible.

Can you remember your first kiss?

[Long think] No, I can't. It was probably illegal anyway. Well, there were two well-underage girls who lived next door to me when I was living with my grandmother in Caterham in Surrey, and I think that was probably my first lip contact. But I was an old man in comparison to them.

The first kiss I can remember that really meant something to me was the first time I was in love, which was with a beautiful girl called Louise Spitzel, She was desperately ill and moved to Brighton to recuperate. She died very young, but she was my first real love. I remember working on the pier, and she used to creep away from her mum to see me. One day we got on my motorbike and we went into the hills at Rottingdean, near Brighton. We sat under a lovely tree, and had a Woodbine and probably a sarnie or something, and then we both wrote a sort of love contract, put it in my cigarette tin and buried it under this tree. Years and years and *years* later, after the war, when I was in Rottingdean visiting a painter friend of mine, I decided to go for a walk after dinner one day and ended up under this tree. I sat down under the tree and lit a cigarette and thought, "We buried a tin under here." And you'll never believe it, I found it! And what's more the messasge was still inside it. Very nostalgic. Anyway, I put it back, it's still there. I wish I could remember my very first *kiss* though.

I've discovered that my very first love affair was engineered by my father. He'd very openly gone up and said to this French lady, "I see you've got the hots for my son," and she said, "Pardon, monsieur? C'est ne pas vrai! Ridicule!" And he said, "Well, nevertheless, if you have, then he's all yours. Go and get him." And she did, thank God. It was the best thing he ever did for me, my dad. I was fourteen at the time, I think.

Would you leave everything to travel through time and space with a complete stranger?

No. I used to travel everywhere in a caravan when I was in vaudeville – I couldn't bear digs. Because my cousin Bill [Pertwee] wanted to learn the business, I decided the best way was for him to come with me and share my caravan. Now, I get on terribly well with Bill; he's a lovely guy, but even then that was too much, two in a caravan. I learnt then that you've got to know and understand someone terribly well to tolerate them in close proximity. So the idea of time-travelling with a total stranger is completely out. My father used to say "Fish and visitors smell after three days."

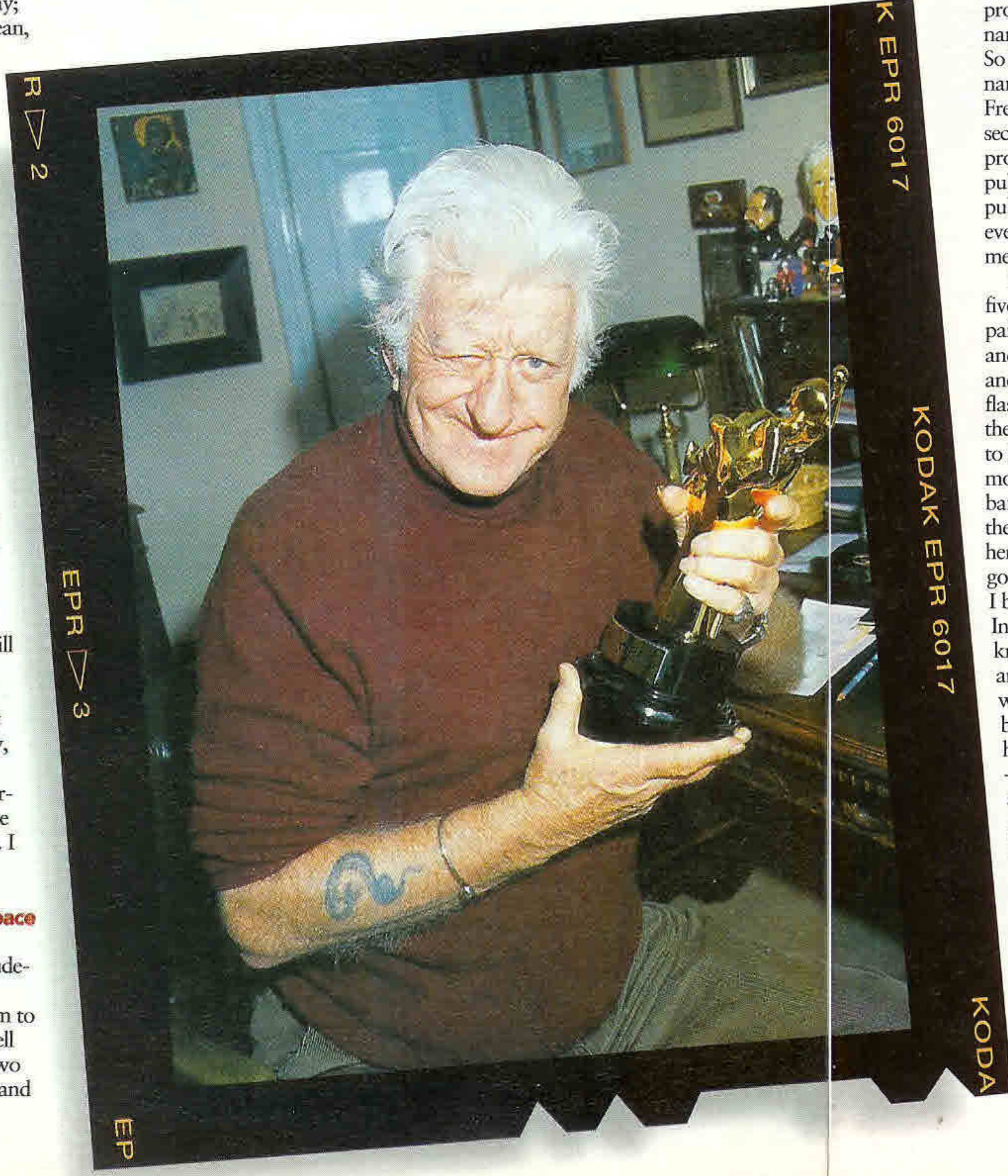
What a good idea this interview is. I'm enjoying it very much. I'm going to pinch it.

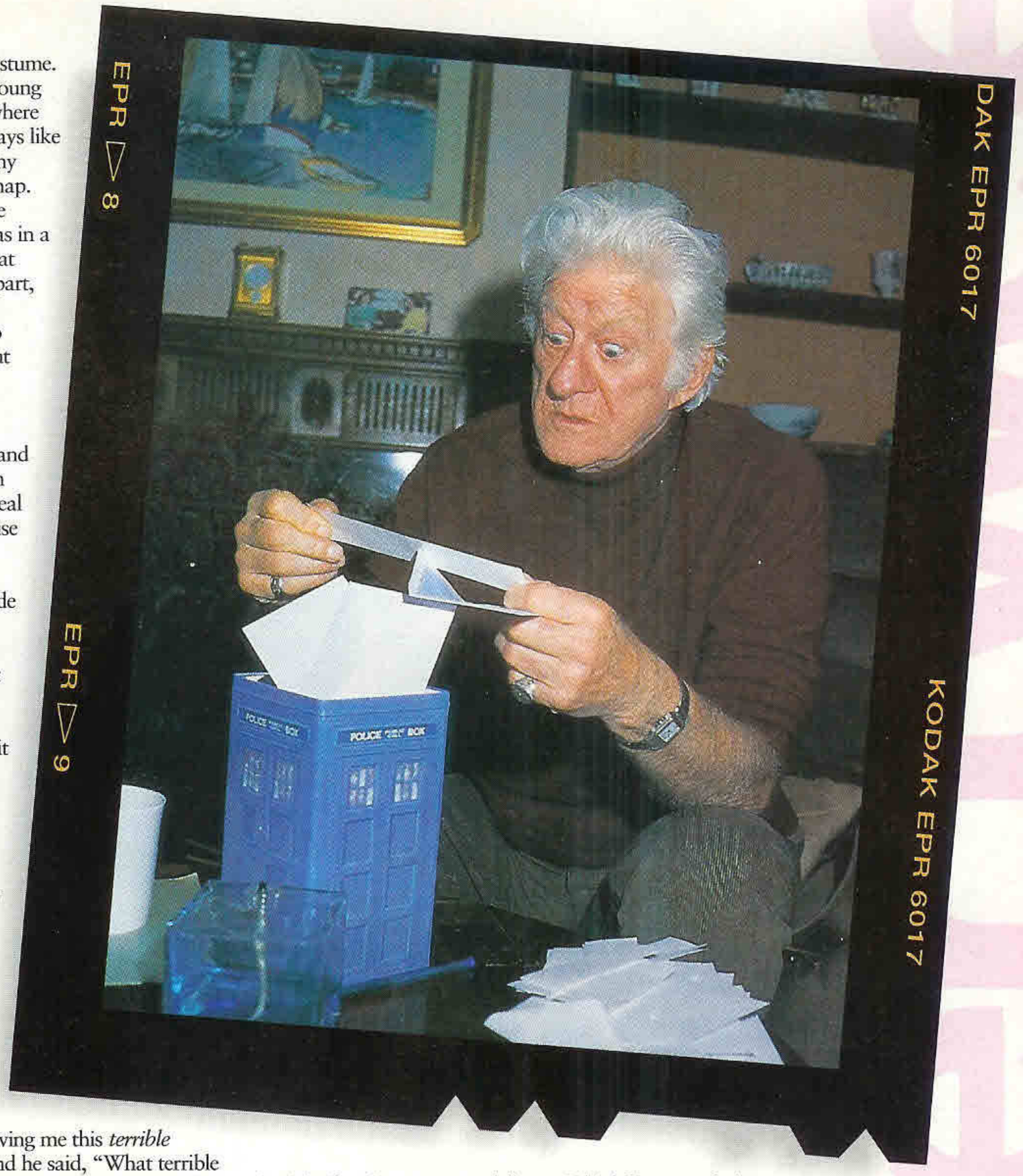
What was the most recent video you bought?

Well, I don't buy them very often, but I was *gobsmacked* by the talent of the Irish Riverdance, I just couldn't believe that anybody could do the things that that man did. What I thought was so brilliant about that show was the incredibly clever idea of saying, "Now, where the hell does this dancing come from, what is it connected with?" So you suddenly get that magnificent Spanish dancer coming on, doing exactly the same thing with her feet as they are. And then the clever thing with the tap dancers, the black hoofers, and Michael Flatley can tap dance quicker than any of them! I love the Eyrian pipes, I think they're magical, so I bought the video and I play it over and over again. I hire videos a lot – *Congo*'s over there. [grimaces] Jesus, it's terrible [laughs]. Then I got *The Usual Suspects*. Extraordinary. Almost incomprehensible. You don't know what the hell's going on, and my daughter said, "Not to worry, you will at the end. Roll with it." But it's very good.

What classic film would you most like to have worked on?

I played Marley in the musical I did with Anthony Newley, *Scrooge*, and I would have loved to have played Marley in the Alistair Sim film version. It's right up my street. I'd also liked to have played in a costume drama, because I'm quite good in costume. I'd like to have played the sort of part Gig Young played in a lot of pictures with Bette Davis, where he wasn't the lead, but the *second* lead. I always like being 'the friend'; I did this a lot when I did my West End stints, always playing the second chap. That usually comes out best, actually, because people get a bit bored with the top chap. I was in a play called *There's a Girl in my Soup*, and that was lovely because, again, it was the second part, the sort of Gig Young type of role. Funnily enough, when I did the play in America, who should take over from Donald Sinden in it but Gig Young!





Do you like your own name?

Which one? In England I'm John Devon Roland Pertwee – John from the apostle, Devon from the county, Roland after my father. But my real name is Jean de Pertwee de Laillevault, because I'm of a French family. I like the Jean de Pertwee de Laillevault but it's pretty useless; you can't say "Doctor Who, played by Jean de Pertwee de Laillevault" – there wouldn't be one person in twenty thousand who'd get it right. So yes, I like my own name; in the past it's been very badly mispronounced. But of course there are so many Pertwees in the theatre business now that people tend to get it right.

Years ago, my cousin Lorne Pertwee owned vast greenhouses where he grew flowers; he's in the flower business, and provides Marks and Spencers with all their tropical plants. I got a letter from him saying "Dear Jon Pertwee, I would very much like to meet you because I would like to try and persuade you to change your incorrect pronunciation of our illustrious family name. The name is Pert*wee*, not *Pert*wee." So I phoned him and explained that the name was of French origin and no Frenchman ever puts the emphasis on the second syllable. I said, "I will alter the pronunciation of my name when you stop giving me this *terrible* publicity every time I come to your area." And he said, "What terrible publicity? I never give you bad publicity!" I said, "Yes, it's plastered everywhere. All your lorries and posters say 'Pertwee. Corn merchant'." So he laughed, and we've since become very good friends.

The vast Pertwee clan now meet with the French clan about every five years. My cousin is Le Cont Bernard de Laillevault, a very famous painter; he rang me after we'd been writing to each other for years and we arranged to meet at the Washington Hotel. I went to the bar, and there was this very, very pretty girl there, so I flashed my eyes and thought, "Oh, there's a nice lady, I'll go and talk to her in a second." At that moment my cousin came into the bar, looked round and said, "Oh, there you are, darling," and kissed her – it was his wife! So it was very good that I hadn't started anything! I brought them back here, where Inga was preparing lunch. He knocked at the door and Inga answered it and and immediately went, "Aaagh! The *nose*! I cannot believe the nose! It's identical to my husband's!" And it's absolutely true – I've got a photograph of us all sitting in the garden in profile, and my God, there it is. 400 years and it hasn't changed at all.

Opposite page, top:
Jon in cabaret in 1983.

Left:
Jon at home on the water, 1972.

Where would you most like to have a picnic?

I've always fancied having a picnic at Glyndbourne – you know, where you go and see an opera and then sit on the grass on a rug and have a picnic with champagne. I've always thought that would be terribly romantic.

What do you see – a glass half-full of water or a glass half-empty?

A glass half-empty. If I see it's got water in it, I don't want to drink half a glass, I want a full one. I think I'm a pessimist so I see it half-empty.

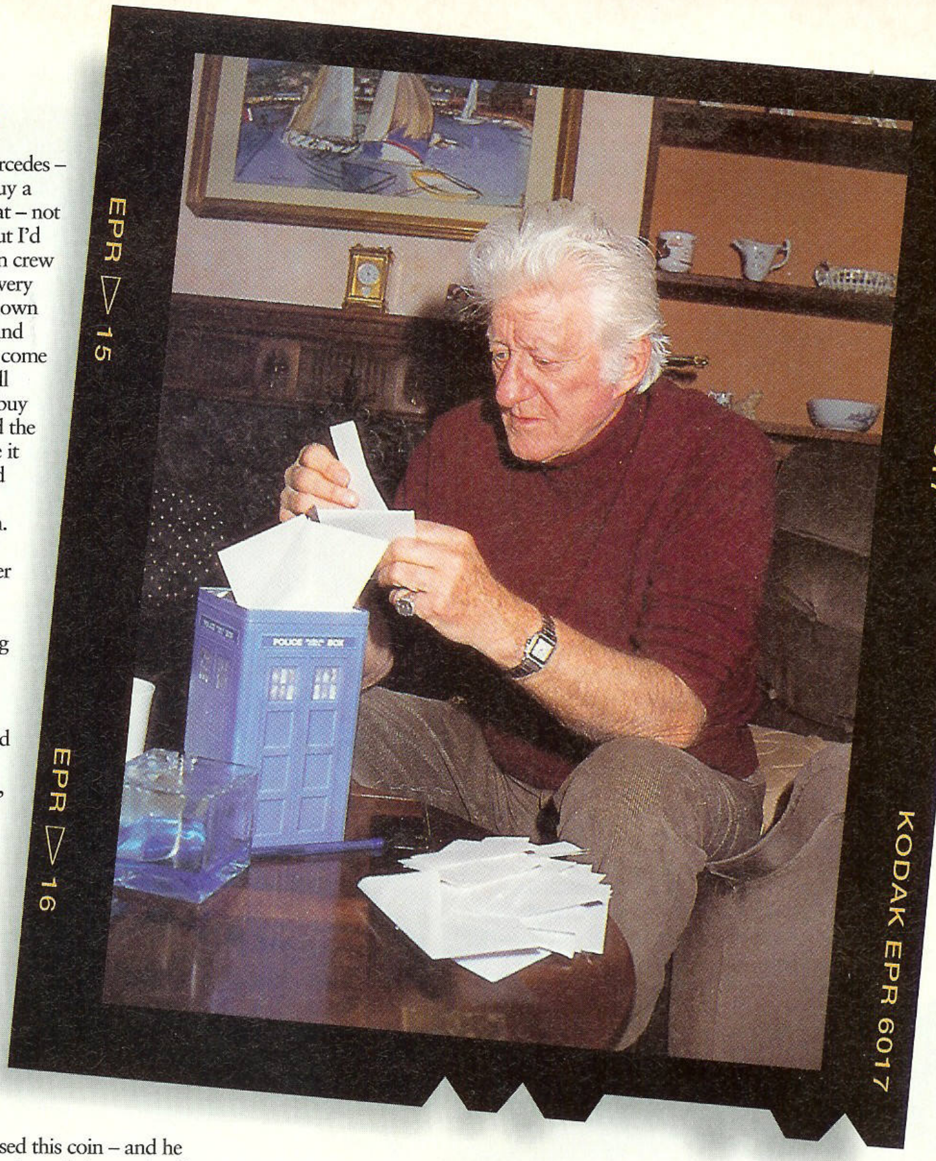
When are you happiest?

Without question I'm happiest on water. In it, on it or under it. I'm a Cancerian, a water sign, which probably explains it. I've always been a boater; I was in the navy, mainly because I preferred to go into action in a hammock rather than mud. I started off racing motorbikes and cars, with Sterling Moss among others, but then I couldn't afford it and so I took up boats. I was invited to go out to Ibiza by an underwater diver, who taught me how to scuba-dive.

I've dived all over the world – the Seychelles, the Maldives – but the only place I didn't like was Australia because the sharks were unfriendly there, whereas in other oceans they're not.

I still do snorkelling and diving – with my back and leg problems I don't know how I'm going to get on, but it shouldn't make any difference, because under the water I'm buoyant. If not, I shall get a little motor thing to drive me along. I wouldn't stop that for the world. And of course, my favourite time is at the helm of my boat; I think there's nothing more exhilarating than superb weather, the sun shining, a nice roll and just whacking along doing about forty mph. I think I'm at my happiest doing that. My wife, to begin with, was always telling me to slow down and not to go so quickly, and eventually I said, "It's hopeless going out sailing with you, you really spoil it all." I then realised, of course, that it wasn't me or her she was worried about, it was the kids! And *they* were going, "Go on, Papa, go for it!"

And then as soon as they'd grown up, she'd get in the boat and say, "Faster!" ►



What would you do if you won the Lottery?

Well, first of all I'd buy a convertible Mercedes – I used to have the XL but I'd probably buy a smaller one now. Then I would buy a boat – not a big one, because they're a nuisance – but I'd buy a boat big enough to have a one-man crew so that I wouldn't have to do it myself. Every time I get in my boat now I have to go down an hour early to get the fuel and so on, and everyone else is lazy; Sean says, "Oh, I'll come down later, Papa," and I say, "No, you'll come *now,* and help me!" I'd probably buy another house like this – if I could afford the house next door I would buy that. I love it here, but it's just a little bit too small. I'd knock the two houses together and this would become the most lovely big room.

It's a ridiculous question, this, really. What you'd obviously do is buy whatever your wife wants as a treat – not a mink coat, 'cos they'd never know what to do with it. I bought Inga one and it's hanging in a cupboard with moths. I'd buy her a nice car.

I'm an inveterate traveller, so I would like to travel again. One place in the world I've never been to which I would like to see is the beautiful islands off Easter Island, the Galapagos. There are a lot of unique animals there that I'd like to see. I'd probably have to go on my own; I'm not sure Inga wants to travel anymore. She's done enough travelling.

What is your most treasured possession?

I should think probably this ring. The coin that you see on it shows Athene, the owl goddess of wisdom. A Roman sailor came across this coin – obviously somebody from Greece had come to Rome and used this coin – and he thought, "That's nice, I'm going to have it made into a ring," and then he took it to sea with him, and kept it in a little pot. In about 1958 I was diving and found this wreck, pulled up all the amphora – we also found the stock of the anchor, so we were able to see what the boat was, and date it to about 55AD from the insignia on the side – and in one of the pots I found this ring, from the poor bloody sailor who had obviously drowned. I gave it to a man called Silver Douglas, a jeweller, who did it up for me to make it fit my little finger and it's been there ever since – you can probably see it on a lot of the *Doctor Who* photos.

And my teddy bears, of course. Fred Friendly and the rest. I've just got a new bear, given to me by Sean's fiancé, Natalie, and he's called Dudley because he's got a club foot.

What was the best party you went to?

I hate parties, because you never have a proper conversation with anyone. It's particularly bad at cocktail parties because as soon as you've found someone who's a kindred spirit and start talking to them, your damned host or hostess comes up and says, "Now, come along, you must meet Fred Flinge, he's very keen to meet you." So you've got to go, with great embarrassment, and make conversation with somebody you don't want to meet.

Dinner parties are different. The best and most fancy dinner party I went to was held by the late Stephen Ward, from the Profumo scandal. He was one of my best friends; he had a cottage down at Cleveden and every weekend I used to go and see Stephen. More balls was talked about Stephen Ward than you've had hot dinners. He liked women, that's true, but as for him ever living off the 'immoral earnings of women', that's absolute rubbish. On the contrary, he spent all his money *on* women – he liked to get the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker's daughters and turn them into ladies. He liked to do a Professor Higgins.

Anyway, Stephen said to me, "Do you want to come along and have dinner with Lord Astor, at Cleveden?" It was a dinner jacket do, and it was like going back 100 years. We were met by liveried, bewigged butlers in the hallway, and we ate in this vast dining room; it was the most illustrious party: Douglas Fairbanks, John Mortimer and a host of eminent politicians were there – a very impressive collection, and the meal was gorgeous. And, of course, very soon after that the whole scandal blew up.

I've enjoyed many dinner parties around my own table here, a lovely old Elizabethan table, and I used to enjoy sitting at that because my father would be there, regaling us with stories. That table means a lot to me, because I remember as a child being allowed to listen to all these great men – judges, QCs, friends of my father – talking and having fun.

Have you ever asked for an autograph?

Oh my God, yes! I have an autograph book. When my father was working in Hollywood I got autographs when I went out to visit him; all the big stars – Edward G Robinson, Bette Davis, Gary Cooper, Randolph Hurst. I remember going up to George Bernard Shaw walking along the road and saying, "Good morning, Mr Shaw," and him replying, "It isn't." So I didn't get an autograph from him! I asked Charles Laughton for his autograph, and when he discovered I was Roland Pertwee's son he said, " I understand you were thrown out of RADA." I told him that I was and he said, "Good boy, so was I. You're bound to do well." ◆

Interview by
Paul Vyse

Photography by
Robin Prichard

The Telesnap Archive

compiled by Matthew Pereira

During the Seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost forever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

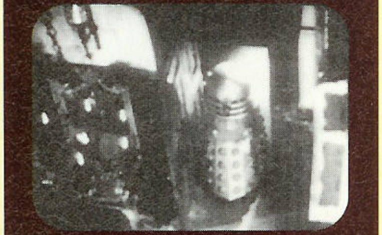
The Evil of the Daleks

Episode 5

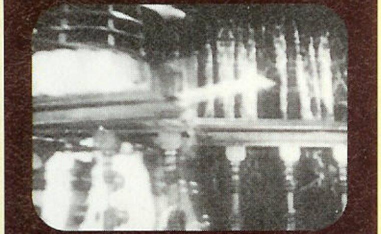
by David Whitaker

Directed by Derek Martinus

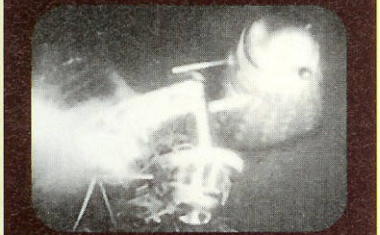
Transmitted 17th June 1967



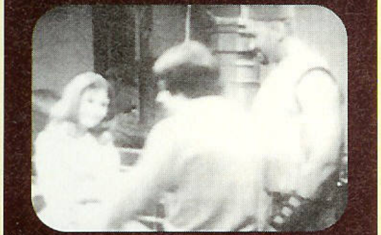
Turning away from the door, Jamie and Kemel see a Dalek gliding into the hall below them. Suddenly the door opens and another Dalek emerges from the room . . .



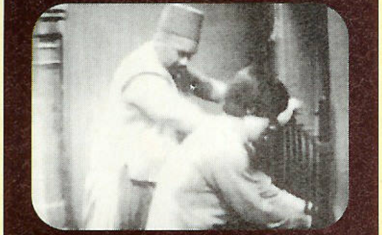
They swiftly use the rope again, this time sending the Dalek crashing through the rail.



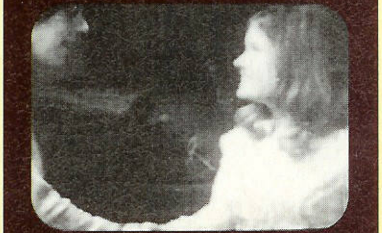
It explodes on impact with the floor. The Dalek's warning klaxon begins to reverberate around the hall. "Quick, before we see any more of those mechanical beasties," warns Jamie. They enter Victoria's room and slam the door.



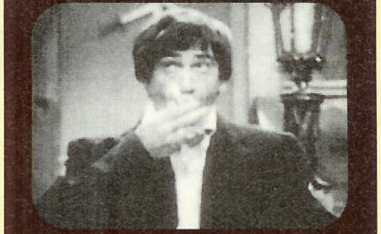
"Kemel," breathes a relieved Victoria, "my dear friend." Jamie defers introductions while he attempts to make the door secure.



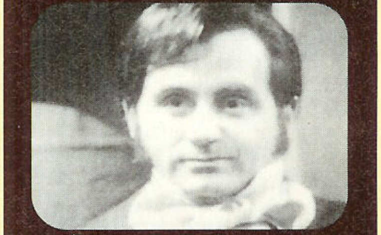
They quickly pile pieces of furniture and boxes up against the door. Victoria watches in wonderment as they rapidly secure the door. "Right, they can't get in and we can't get out," Jamie proudly announces



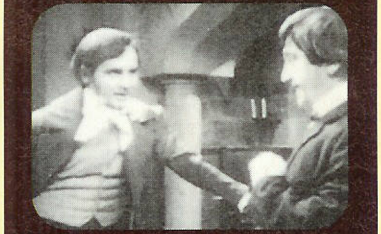
Jamie introduces himself. "I came to give you this," he says, handing the girl her monogrammed handkerchief he found earlier. Victoria takes the cloth and smiles gently at the young man.



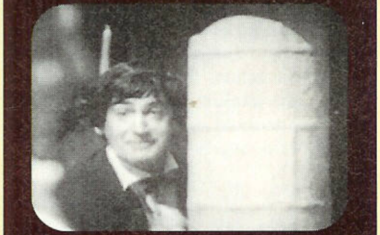
"Are you sure you won't join me?" the Doctor asks Terrall as he drinks a little wine. Terrall politely declines. "I very rarely touch it," he explains. "Well, something else?" the Doctor offers.



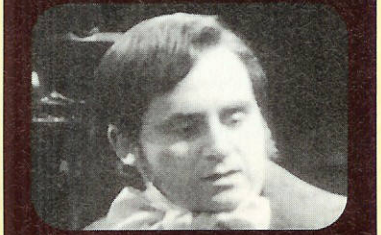
"I know, let me ring for some food." He continues to badger Terrall. "No," Terrall replies firmly. "You seem determined to involve me," he adds. "Yes, I do, don't I?" replies the Doctor guiltily.



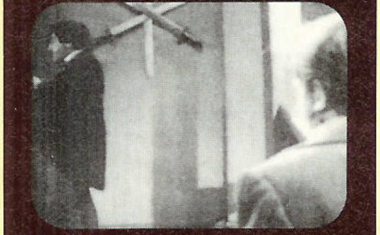
Terrall reminds him of the enormity of the house and states that he prefers his own company. "How very unsociable," remarks the Doctor, and continues to ignore his hints to leave. Perturbed by the Doctor, Terrall decides to go himself.



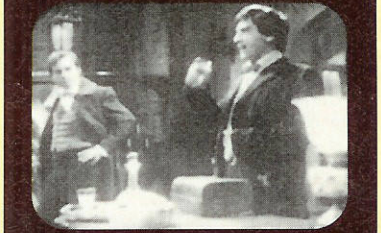
"What an extraordinary collection," prattles the Doctor as he follows the angry Terrall along the hall. "I'm so sorry," continues the Doctor as he admires Maxtible's collection of art and millitaria, "you weren't in the mood for talking, were you?"



"Shouldn't you be helping Waterfield and Maxtible?" Terrall says. The Doctor replies that he is taking a rest and wishes to talk to him. "About what?" he asks apprehensively. "About you, Mr Terrall," the Doctor replies. "You interest me."



"Ever since I came to this house I have never seen you eat or drink anything," he states. Terrall informs him that he dines alone. "I'd thought of that," replies the Doctor but adds that Waterfield has also never seen him eat.



"You seem to be a devotee of Edgar Allen Poe," remarks Terrall, taking a sword from the wall. "Do I?" responds the Doctor innocently as he drains his goblet. "It isn't wise to make assumptions," Terrall states.

"Nor to meddle in affairs that are none of your business," he adds, threatening him with the sword. "Oh look," remarks the Doctor, touching his goblet to the weapon. "A perfectly ordinary sword and yet it seems to be magnetic," he observes.

"And directly you let go, it loses its magnetism," he notes as the sword and goblet drop on the table. "If I didn't know better," he remarks, "I'd say you were full of some sort of electricity." Before he can continue, the Doctor is called away.

"You are a keen student of human nature, but some things are better left alone," warns Terrall. "No, Mr Terrall," retorts the Doctor, "I am a professor of a far wider academy of which human nature is merely a part. All forms of life interest me."

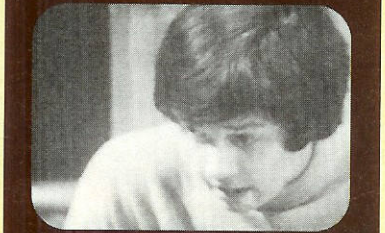
Left alone, Terrall pours himself a glass of wine.

As he raises the glass to his lips he starts to tremble. The voice of a Dalek echoes through his mind. His shaking becomes more pronounced and the wine spills over his fingers.

"Obey," the disembodied voice commands as Terrall crashes into a suit of armour. Gripped with terror, he fights to expel the voice. "Obey," it repeats, "Obey."

After Jamie concludes his story of how he and the Doctor came to the house, Victoria asks him why he risked his life to rescue her. Jamie's modesty shines through and she apologises for asking.

"Tell me, how did they manage to capture you?" asks Jamie. Although her memories of the events are unclear, she recalls someone telling her to walk and she obeyed blindly and without interest.



"The only thing I remember is waking up in a bare room with one of those terrible things," she says. Jamie explains that it is important to discover how she came under the Daleks' power. "They can't have done as much as they have without some help."

"From somebody in the house?" Victoria asks. "From someone who wants their plan to succeed," he explains. "But how could it have been done without my knowing?" she wonders.

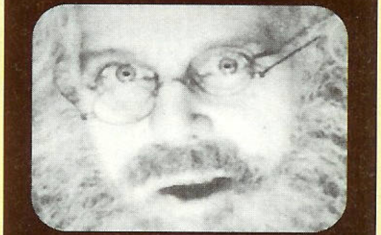
Elsewhere in the house, Waterfield watches as Maxtible orders Mollie to pay close attention to him. "Keep your eye fixed on the jewel," he commands.

"See how the light catches it,' Maxtible says, gently spinning the jewel. "Every surface sparkles, does it not?" he adds. "Yes, sir," Mollie humbly replies.

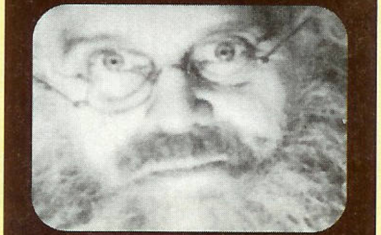
"Flashing," Maxtible continues, "like a collection of sparks."

A vacant expression falls over the maid's face as she is transfixed by the coloured lights that play on her eyes.

"I know you are tired, Mollie," Maxtible says. "I am tired," she answers softly. "Then close your eyes and sleep – you need have no fear, my child," he commands.



Mollie's eyelids fall as she succumbs to Maxtible's influence. "And now in your sleep you will hear only my voice," he tells her. "Only your voice," she repeats. "You have been dreaming," he states. "Dreaming that there are mysteries in this house."



He tells the girl that she imagined hearing Victoria's voice. "It was nothing but a dream," he states. "Nothing but a dream," she repeats. "Now, when I tell you to open your eyes, you will go back to your room and lie down on your bed."

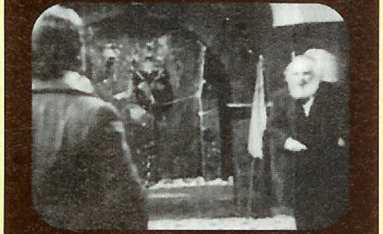
"When you awaken, the dream will fade." he tells her. "Now open your eyes," he says, and claps his hands. Mollie awakens from the trance and quietly walks up the stairs. Maxtible explains that this was how he sent Victoria to the Daleks.

He then confirms that the experiment is going well, but Waterfield's usefulness is drawing to an end. Terrall suddenly grips the wall. "Help me," he cries as he tries to explain his confused state of mind.

"I can only help you if you obey me," says Maxtible. "I obey our masters," retorts Terrall. "I prefer to call them our colleagues," Maxtible responds.

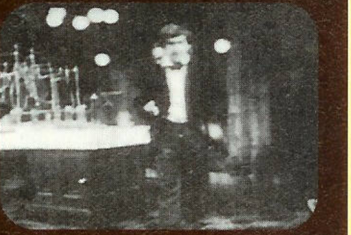
Terrall points out that Maxtible is defying the Daleks by attempting to kill Waterfield at the stable. "A slight misunderstanding on the part of our friends," Maxtible replies. "Now, I have a task for you," he says. Walking to the wall, he opens a secret door.

Maxtible instructs Terrall to use the passage to bring Victoria to him. "Do as you are told," he adds angrily as Terrall attempts to question him. Terrall again hears a voice inside his head, ordering him to obey. He enters the darkened doorway.



The Doctor announces to Waterfield that the experiment is nearly at an end. The whole range of emotions displayed by Jamie have been imprinted into a positronic brain.

"We're going to implant one of these into each of these three Daleks here," he says, walking to the three packing cases at the other end of the room. "So the end is in sight?" Waterfield asks. "Yes," replies the Doctor thoughtfully.

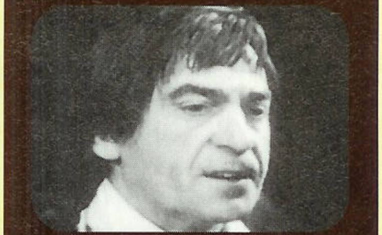


The Doctor ponders that the process may turn them insane. "Or turn them into super beings," Waterfield solemnly states. "That is their purpose," the Doctor says. "At least . . . I imagine it is. I can't help feeling there's more in this than meets the eye . . ."

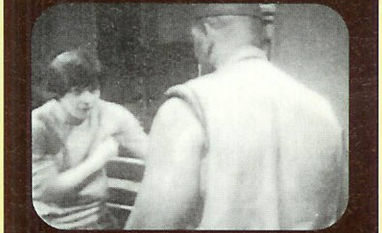
A Dalek exits from the cabinet and demands to know if they have completed the experiment. Replying that the capsules are nearly ready, the Doctor is told to stand in front of the cabinet and speak when he has finished.

As the Doctor continues, Waterfield pleads with him not to complete the experiment. "You should have thought of that some time ago," replies the Doctor. "It's no use having a conscience now."

Waterfield believes that they are creating super killing machines and that their experiments may mean the end of an entire race. The Doctor agrees with him – although not in the way Waterfield means . . .



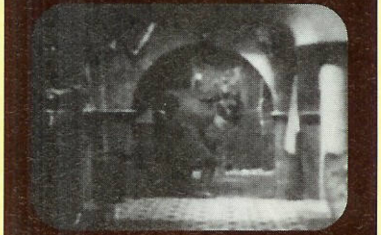
For Victoria's benefit, Jamie and Kemel re-enact the destruction of the Dalek. As the Daleks try to break into the room, Jamie and Kemel pile more cases against the door.



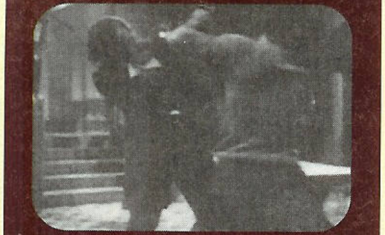
As Victoria stands back from the door, a section of the wall opens up behind her. Terrall emerges and, placing his hand over her mouth, pulls her inside. As the wall closes, Victoria lets out a stifled cry. Jamie and Kemel turn to see the girl has gone.

The quick-thinking Scot realises there must be another way out. They start to look for an opening device. Kemel finds it, and they duck inside moments before the Daleks crash into the room.

As Terrall tries to open a door, Victoria seizes the opportunity to break free and runs off into the darkness. Terrall goes through the door. Jamie and Kemel reach a junction and split up.



Terrall grabs a sword and waits by the exit as Jamie rushes in. Jamie quickly snatches up a sword and prepares to defend himself.

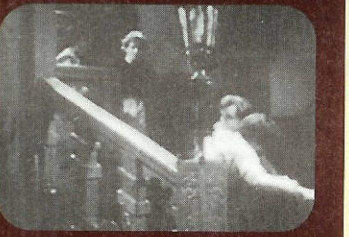


Terrall lunges at him, but Jamie's quick reflexes block the blow.

Jamie bravely strikes back.

The opponents battle fiercely until Jamie manages to knock Terrall to the floor. "Right," gasps a relieved Jamie. But as he approaches Terrall, the man leaps up, lashing out with his sword.

Their swords clash loudly as the battle recommences. "Where's Victoria Waterfield?" snarls Jamie. "You'll never find her," laughs Terrall. "Tell me!" yells Jamie.

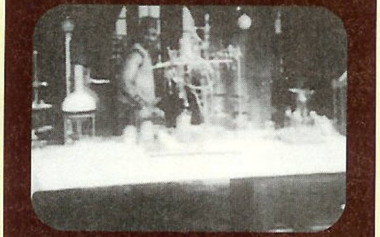


As they stray into the hall, Ruth sends Mollie to fetch the Doctor while she pleads with her fiancee to stop. "Leave me," he spits through gritted teeth.

Suddenly, to Jamie's surprise, Terrall collapses. The Doctor rushes in and tells Ruth that if she wants to save Terrall's life, they should get as far away from the house as possible. He turns to Mollie and tells her to go with them.

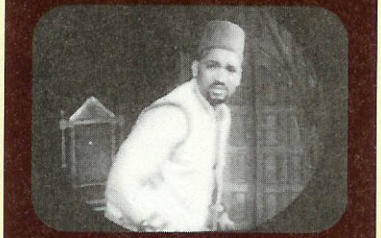
Feeling the back of Terrall's neck, the Doctor carefully removes a small metal plate. Terrall starts to recover and is helped up by the Doctor and Jamie.

The Doctor tells Terrall to meet Ruth at the stables, but lies and tells him that Victoria is now safe. Terrall staggers away, and the Doctor and Jamie head off to find the missing girl.



Meanwhile, Kemel has returned to Maxtible's laboratory.

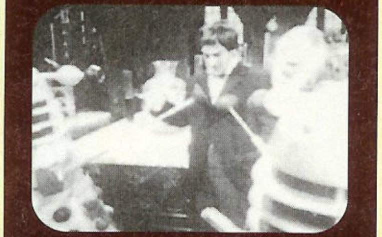
He finds Victoria lying unconscious on the floor. As he stoops down to her, a Dalek emerges from the time cabinet.



"Pick up the human female," it grates menacingly. The Dalek orders the Turk to carry her into the time cabinet and then follows them.

In the laboratory, Jamie remains unimpressed with his friends 'callous' behaviour. "Just whose side are you on?" he demands, as two of the experimental Daleks slowly come towards them. "It's all right," the Doctor says, "they're friends."

Jamie misinterprets the word 'friends' and backs away. "They are the experiment," the Doctor explains. The remaining packing case falls open. As Maxtible dashes in, the last Dalek glides out.

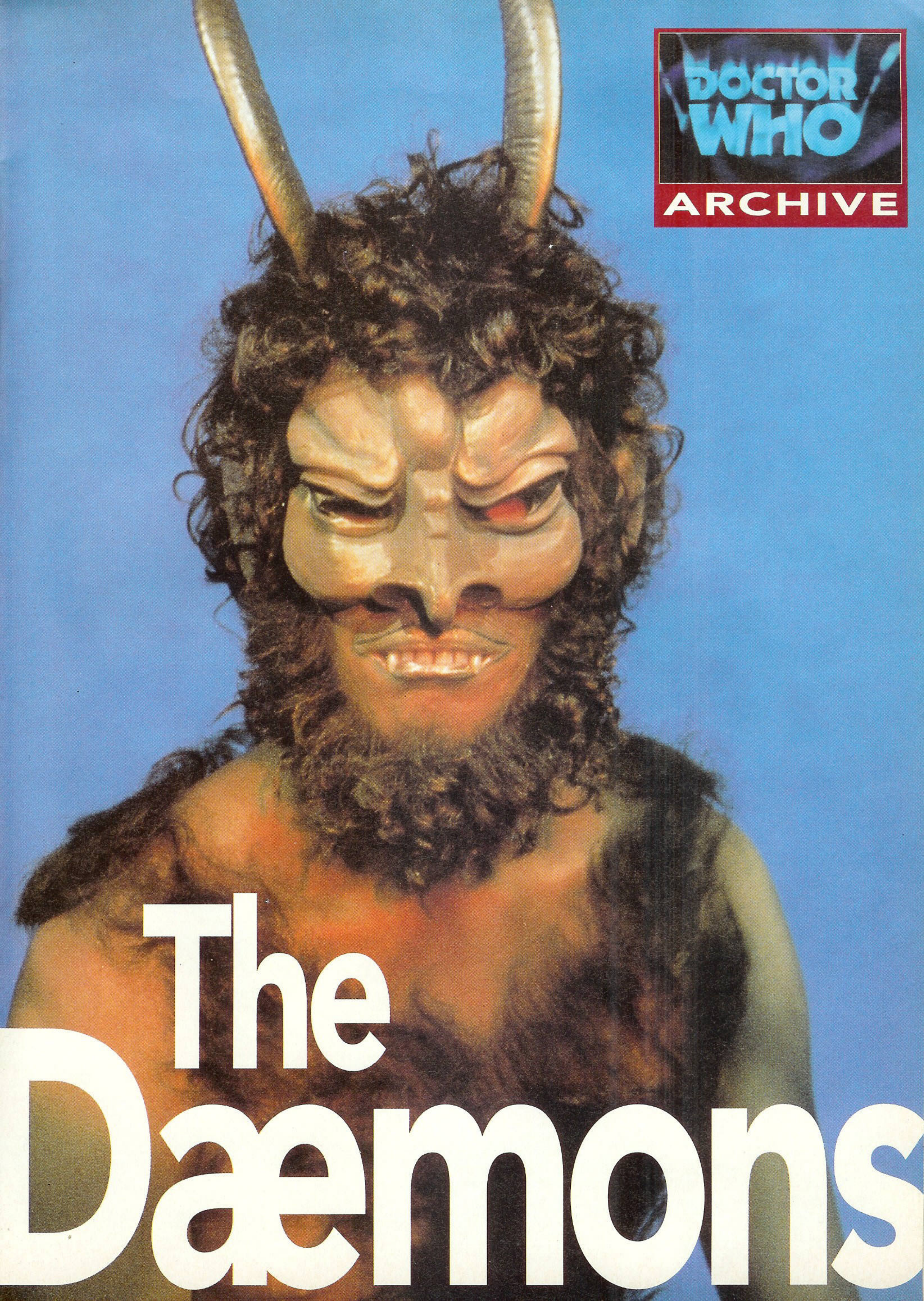


"What is it?" asks the Doctor as the Daleks crowd around him. "What do you want?" One of the Daleks lifts the Doctor up with its arm. "What are you doing?!" he says with some alarm. "Where are you taking me?!" The Dalek starts to glide around the laboratory.

"They're taking me for a ride!" cries the Doctor. "They're playing a game, it's a game," he adds as he starts to laugh. Maxtible turns to Jamie and says, "Rather amusing for a game, don't you think . . ?"

to be continued . . .

DOCTOR WHO ARCHIVE



The Dæmons

EPISODE ONE (drn: 25'09")

Miss Hawthorne, the local white witch in the village of Devil's End, claims a man died of fright on the eve of Professor Gilbert Horner's opening of a nearby barrow, the Devil's Hump. The archaeological dig is televised by BBC3, and the Doctor watches with Jo Grant, Captain Yates and Sergeant Benton at UNIT HQ. When Miss Hawthorne forces her way onto the broadcast and foretells destruction if the barrow is opened on the occult festival of Beltane, the Doctor sets off with Jo in Bessie to stop the dig.

Miss Hawthorne confronts the village's new vicar, the Reverend Magister – actually the Master. When Miss Hawthorne proves to be immune to his hypnosis, the Master has the verger, Garvin, follow her. The Doctor and Jo ask directions at The Cloven Hoof, the local pub, and Garvin alerts the Master to their presence.

Midnight approaches and the broadcast begins. The Master leads a Sabbat in a cavern under the church, commanding Azal to arise. A gargoyle comes to life, and a wind rips through the barrow when Horner removes the stone just as the Doctor enters. By the time Jo arrives, the forms of both the Doctor and Horner lie frozen . . .

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EPISODE TWO (drn: 24'20")

The Master concludes his ceremony by marking a stone as a meeting place for Azal, and Yates and Benton set off for Devil's End in the Brigadier's helicopter. Although Horner is dead, Doctor Reeves detects life in the frozen Doctor and he is kept warm in a bedroom at the pub. At dawn, PC Groom is trampled to death at the barrow. Yates and Benton arrive to find massive cloven footprints.

Passing the church, Benton hears Miss Hawthorne's cries for help and rescues her. Investigating the cavern, the pair are found by Garvin who is then killed by some massive creature. Azal is summoned up by the Master at the vicarage, causing the Doctor to be revived in a heatwave. Azal creates a heat barrier around the village. The Doctor realises that the Master is at work as the Brigadier arrives to find his way blocked by the barrier.

The Doctor takes Jo back to the dig. and They discover a small spaceship inside the barrow and are suddenly confronted by the gargoyle . . .

EPISODE THREE (drn: 24'27")

With a metal trowel and a Venusian lullaby, the Doctor uses the gargoyle's fear of magic to repel it. The Master tells Squire Winstanley to convene the villagers, and has Bok, the gargoyle, destroy Winstanley to demonstrate the power he aims to have over the Earth.

The Brigadier contacts Yates by radio and confirms that the barrier has isolated the village. The Doctor reveals that the creature they are confronting is a Dæmon, an ancient race which arrived on Earth 100,000 years ago and has entered mythology because of their 'helping' of mankind's development as an experiment. The creature is massively powerful, gigantic or microscopic, and may destroy mankind as a failed project. The Doctor sets off with Jo to explain to the Brigadier and the UNIT convoy how to construct a diathermic energy exchanger which will allow them to penetrate the barrier. Girton steals the helicopter to attack Bessie, but flies into the heat barrier. Jo is concussed, so Yates takes her back to the pub while the Doctor reaches the convoy by motorcycle.

In the cavern, the Master again summons up Azal. As tremors shake the village, the Master cowers, demanding that Azal return to the marked stone . . .

EPISODE FOUR (drn: 24'25")

Azal returns to his mark, and the Master asks for the power of the last of the Dæmons. Azal warns that his next appearance may mean destruction, but the Master wishes to proceed.

Jo recovers in the pub and sneaks out of the window, attempting to enter the cavern. Yates finds her there and they hide from the coven. The Doctor completes his instructions to UNIT and sets off for the village on the motorcycle, narrowly escaping gunfire from Bert, the landlord, sent by the Master. Back in the village, Miss Hawthorne and Benton watch the May Day celebrations begin, but when the Doctor arrives he is captured by the Morris Dancers and tied to the maypole. Bert denounces the Doctor as a witch to be burnt at the stake, and it is only the intervention of Miss Hawthorne – and some sharp shooting from Benton – which convinces the locals of the Doctor's powers as the white witch Quiquaequod.

The Master convenes the Sabbat and summons up Azal for the last time with a chicken sacrifice. Jo tries to stop the killing and runs out from hiding. She watches, horrified, as the dæmonic Azal grows from microscopic size to tower overhead . . .

The Dæmons

Screenplay extract by 'Guy Leopold'

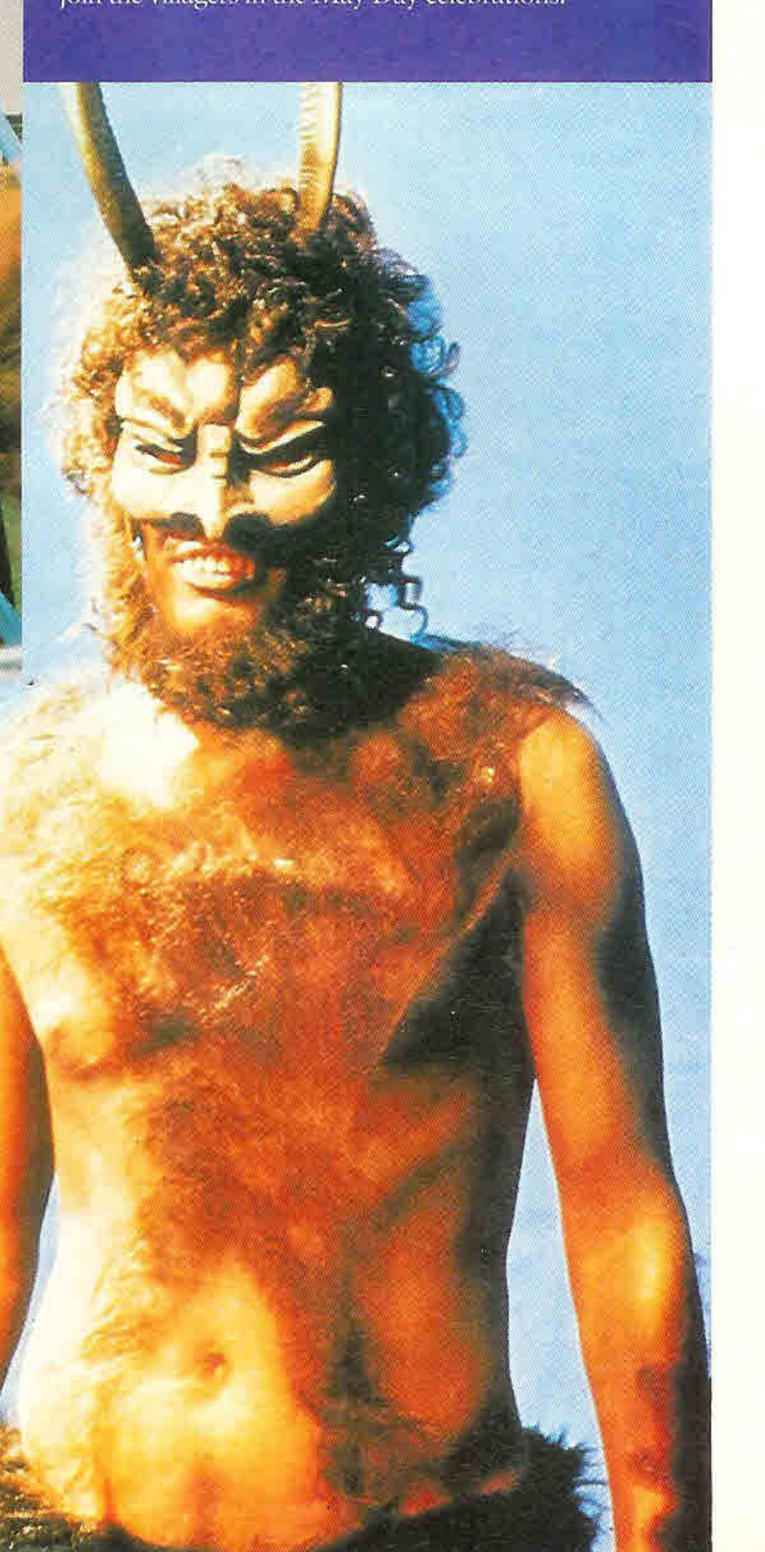
The Doctor confronts Azal, the Dæmon, in the cavern.

AZAL: You wish to see this planet destroyed?
DOCTOR: By no means. You see, I have an alternative.
AZAL: State it.
DOCTOR: Leave humanity alone. Just go. You've done enough harm.
AZAL: We gave knowledge to man.
DOCTOR: You certainly did. Thanks to you, man can now blow up the world; and he probably will. He can poison the water and the very air he breathes; he's started already. He can . . .
AZAL: Enough! Is man such a failure then? Shall I destroy him?

EPISODE FIVE (drn: 24'04")

Tremors warn the Brigadier that Azal has made his final appearance. Work on the energy exchanger is completed. The Doctor explains to the villagers that the Master is using the emotions of the coven to summon up the Dæmon. Jo and Yates are captured, but while Jo is prepared for sacrifice to Azal, Yates escapes to the village green. Entry to the church is prevented by Bok who destroys all who approach – including Bert.

The Brigadier activates the energy exchanger and UNIT penetrate the barrier, just before the machine explodes. The effect weakens Bok, allowing the Doctor to enter the cavern, confront Azal and ask the alien to leave mankind alone. As UNIT attack Bok outside, Azal offers to pass his powers to the Doctor. The Doctor refuses, and Azal prepares to eliminate him when Jo throws herself in the way. Her act of self-sacrifice confuses Azal and his power turns against him. The group flee from the church moments before it explodes with Azal inside. Bok becomes a stone statue again, and the Master is captured by UNIT. The heat barrier vanishes and the alien ship explodes. The Doctor, Jo and UNIT join the villagers in the May Day celebrations.



PRODUCTION

In late 1970 producer Barry Letts felt that after a year of telling writers what made a good *Doctor Who* story, he should write a script himself to prove his understanding. Letts had written before, and in 1966 had had two *Doctor Who* storylines rejected by story editor Gerry Davis. Letts' story idea stemmed from one of two audition pieces he wrote earlier in the year when casting Jo Grant and Captain Mike Yates. In the longer scene, Yates rescues Jo from a church, showing her a special marked flagstone. Throwing a book onto the flagstone, a strange elemental force tears it to shreds, after which Jo turns to see the Devil.

Letts had been fascinated by black magic since reading Dennis Wheatley's *The Devil Rides Out* as a boy. Discussing the series' format with script editor Terrance Dicks, Letts commented that they could not do a black magic story. Dicks said that there was no reason why they should not and suggested expanding the audition piece – the basis of the serial being that it would explain magic by science. The story was a possible replacement to end Season Eight when other submissions failed to work out.

Feeling unable to write alone, Letts contacted a local playwright friend, Robert Sloman, whom he wanted to work on the series. Sloman had never written for television, but was keen to work with Letts. He felt that the idea of a Bronze Age burial mound really housing an alien spacecraft was probably inspired by the works of Erich von Daniken – a researcher who was then popular for his claims of archaeological evidence that mankind had been visited by aliens throughout history.

Another influence on the serial appeared in the scripted description of Professor Horner's excavation: "As at Silbury Hill the BBC outside broadcast cameras are present . . ." Silbury Hill in Wiltshire had been excavated from April 1968 to 1970 when the BBC sponsored the dig, giving it regular coverage on BBC2's *Chronicle*. In folklore, Silbury Hill was the work of the devil, but was supposedly a Stone Age warrior's burial mound from around 2500BC; when the mound was penetrated it simply contained boulders. Horner's dialogue referred to Sutton Hoo – the Suffolk site where an Anglo-Saxon burial ship from around 600AD had been excavated in 1939. In the original storyline, the Devil's Hump was called the Devil's Dyke, and the creature summoned up by the Master was referred to as "the Alien". In the scripts, the alien became a Damon from Damos, and then a Demon in rewrites. Azal was described as "at least twenty feet in height. He is literally devilish in aspect, with horns, a goat-like but terrifying face, and with the cloven hooves of a goat".

As with the rest of the season, the serial featured Roger Delgado's Master. Letts already felt that the continual use of the Master was a mistake, and Jon Pertwee had been concerned that the Master was at times overshadowing the Doctor. It was therefore decided that the story's conclusion would have the Master captured by UNIT.

The Demons was commissioned on Wednesday 6th January 1971 from 'Guy Leopold'. Sloman wrote a first draft and submitted this to Letts who would then rewrite it and pass it to Dicks. The serial was set to take place over 30th April and 1st May; Beltane and May Day. Beltane was an ancient Celtic festival at the beginning of May, one of the four Scots quarter days of Beltane, Lammas, Hallowmass and Candlemass.

Miss Olive Hawthorne was described as "a somewhat eccentrically dressed lady in her fifties" (Horner was "a 'plain blunt man' from Yorkshire"). She referred to the Fraudulent Mediums Act of 1951 repealing the Witchcraft Ace of 1735. The term Sabbat was used to refer to the Master's ceremonies, stemming from witches' midnight occult rites, while Bok's fear of iron came from Celtic superstition. Latin names were used with the Master posing as Reverend Magister (Master) and Quiquaequod (the Doctor) is a concatenation of the three genders for the word "Who".

There were many personal touches added to the script by Letts. Once, when travelling to location by car, Katy Manning

WRITER
ROBERT SLOMAN/ GUY LEOPOLD

Born in Oldham, Robert Sloman served in the RAF before studying at university. After a spell acting in repertory, he learnt enough about plays and dialogue to become an experimental dramatic playwright and had West End success with plays such as *The Tinker*, filmed in 1962 as *The Wild And The Willing*. He had also written for radio and on *The Sunday Times*. Sloman requested that his own name not be used for personal reasons, and the suggestion of a pen-name also suited Barry Letts, as it avoided potential Writer's Guild problems over a producer writing for his own series. 'Guy Leopold' came from the name of Sloman's son (Guy) and Letts' middle name (Leopold).

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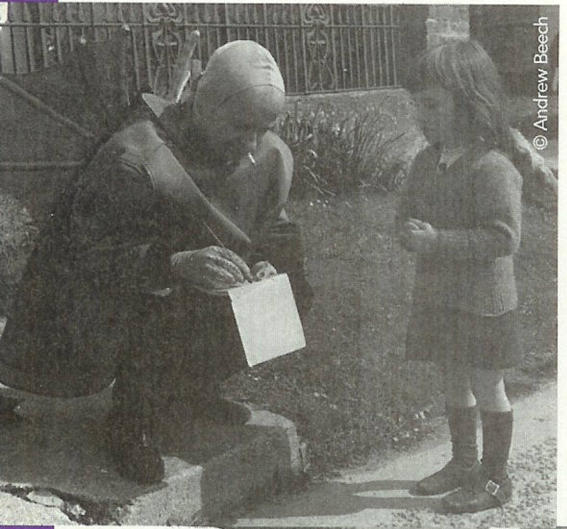
SCRIPTING THE DÆMON

Various names for the Dæmon featured in the script – Satan (the chief fallen angel), Lucifer (a popular middle ages name for the devil), Beelzebub (from Baal the god of Phoenicians worshipped by the Philistines) and The Horned Beast (as opposed to The Horned God; ruled out for censorship reasons). The image of horned figures included the Egyptian god Khnun (actually Khnum), a ram-headed male figure who was also the goddess of creation; tying in with Azal's role as man's benefactor. Miss Hawthorne drew a parallel between Azal and Azael, the fallen angel. In the Bible, Azazel is mentioned in *Enoch* as a fallen angel, and in *Leviticus* as a demonic figure.

had got herself and Pertwee lost by holding the map upside down; an incident incorporated into the Doctor and Jo's drive to the dig. Letts particularly wanted to show the normally uniformed UNIT men, Captain Yates and Sergeant Benton, in civvies to show that they were ordinary people. Dicks wanted to give the Brigadier a wife, suggesting the name Fiona, and that her hand could pass him the telephone in bed. Nicholas Courtney was less keen on the idea which never made it to the script.

It was indicated in the script that while the Doctor demonstrated Bessie's remote control to Jo, the car "waves both doors simultaneously". In Episode Two when the Master summons Bok (described as "the thing with the scaly back"), "a strange chittering noise seems to come from his throat". Episode Three included the Doctor reciting the first line of a Venusian lullaby ("Klokleda partha menin klatch") which became a trademark of Pertwee's, and Benton referred to the Axons and the Cybermen. In Episode Four, mention was made of the Nuton National Power Complex from *The Claws of Axos*, and the Doctor originally draws his circuitry on the ground instead of the motorcycle windshield.

In rewrites it was decided that the location of the Master's Sabbat would have to be changed from inside the church to a cavern beneath it to avert complaints from Christian groups; also the cavern could not be referred to as the crypt. The description for the revised script read: "The cavern is a mixture of crypt and cave. Alcoves in the wall contain tableaux of hooded figures up to no good. In a niche – a gargoyle figure". The script for Episode Five, however, retained stage directions such as Yates running "down the aisle".



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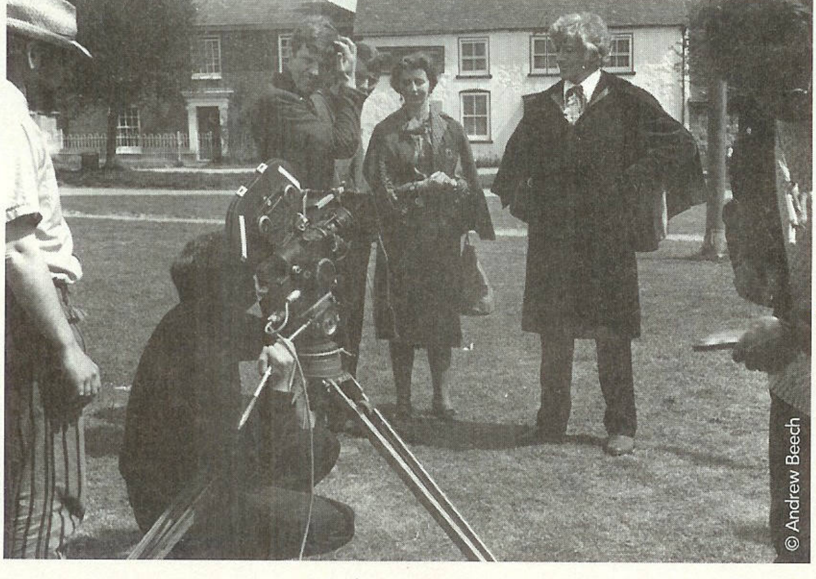
Ideally, Letts wanted to direct the serial himself, but instead approached Christopher Barry, who had last worked on the series with *The Power of the Daleks* in 1966. Since then, Barry had been trying to distance himself from the programme with work on *Out of the Unknown*, *The Newcomers*, *Z Cars* and *Paul Temple*. Attracted to the serial because of his interest in archaeology, Barry agreed to return; one of the first things he did was request a title change on the unfinished scripts to *The Dæmons* with the different spelling adding a touch of mystery. The designer was Roger Ford on his only *Doctor Who* serial; visual effects were designed by Peter Day who had worked on various stories back to *The Evil of the Daleks*; costumes were designed by Barbara Lane who had worked on *The Claws of Axos*, and make-up was supervised by Jan Harrison who had worked on all the serials that season.

Two weeks of location shooting on 16mm film were planned; a high proportion which meant that the interior scenes would be completed in three studio days instead of five. Thorough rehearsals for this major shoot were performed at the BBC's new rehearsal rooms at Acton in mid-April. The main guest role, Miss Hawthorne, was played by Damaris Hayman who was best known for comedy shows. Barry saw Miss Hawthorne as a dithering old lady, which Hayman (a believer in the supernatural) argued against in rehearsals; Letts decided in Hayman's favour. Also on location were David Simeon as Alastair Fergus, who had featured in *Inferno* as Private Latimer; and the diminutive Stanley Mason, cast as Bok, who had played an alien priest extra in the previous story *Colony in Space*.

Shooting began on Monday 19th April at the Campbell Aircraft Company garage, Membury Airfield in Wiltshire where Pertwee, Manning and Richard Franklin arrived to film the UNIT garage scenes. Bessie's remote control sequences were achieved by a driver hiding out of shot under the vehicle's dashboard. The horn appeared to blow itself by having the air sucked out of the bulb with a sound effect dubbed on later. For this serial, shooting was performed using a multi-camera unit; two or three cameras synchronised by a remote control "crystal lock" to film simultaneously from different angles. At Membury, Letts and Pertwee were intrigued by the sight of autogyros taking off, inspiring the chase sequence in *Planet of the Spiders*.

Pertwee and Manning continued to shoot other scenes with Bessie that day, starting with



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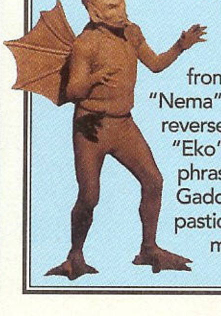
SCRIPTING THE SABBAT

For the incantations chanted at the Sabbat, Robert Sloman's suggestion of the black magic practice of reciting *The Lord's Prayer* in reverse was rejected, as was the idea of reciting *Eskimo Nell* backwards. In the end, Barry Letts wrote the Master's main chant as the nursery rhyme *Mary had a Little Lamb* backwards. The remaining religious responses from the coven were "Nema" ("Amen" in reverse) and the word "Eko" while other phrases ("Gad, Gadoal, Galdina!") pastiched actual black magic incantations.



the sequence of the roadsign (pointing to Witchwood, Covenstone, Abbotstown and Satanhall) spinning around at a crossroads close to the airfield; there were problems when the rope on the drum rotating the post broke. The camera team then moved to lanes by Oaken Coppice near Hungerford for scenes of Bessie driving along, two of which required dark camera filters for day-for-night shooting. A prop tree fell across the road in Bessie's path, and was removed in the scene in Episode Two. The two stars then joined cast and crew members at Marlborough which was the base for the production unit.

The first day's filming at the village of Aldbourne in Wiltshire was Tuesday 20th April. Aldbourne had been found by production assistant Peter Grimwade and selected by Barry because it offered a village green, a church and a nearby Bronze Age mound. Barry negotiated several days' filming with the parish council, and Reverend Chapman allowed the use of Aldbourne Churchyard; filming inside the church was not allowed. All the churchyard sequences were filmed for Episodes One to Three, followed by the scene between Miss Hawthorne and Doctor Reeves in Episode One. Special effects ivy adorned the walls of Aldbourne Church, and Visual Effects provided the bush which ignited when Garvin was killed, with a locked-off camera used to make John Joyce vanish; a wind machine indicated Azal's presence in these scenes. Two signs for "The Cloven Hoof" were erected on the village pub "The Blue Boar".

© Andrew Beech

Night filming was performed for the death scene of Jim (the man with the dog); it appears that extra Sonnie Willis was to have played Jim but the role was taken by animal handler John Holmes. Holmes provided both the cat and "Tazzi" (presumably the owl) seen in the opening sequence, while the dog was owned by Mrs John O'Gaunt. The cat was persuaded to spit on cue by using landlord Ray Gould's dog after Holmes' training with the cat failed. Assistant Floor Manager Sue Heddon poured water down the drain of the gargoyle in the opening shots, her black furry hat appeared as the "something" moving in the graveyard, and the rain was provided by the fire brigade from Ramsbury. Shooting continued until the early hours of the next day.

Work on Wednesday 21st did not begin until the afternoon, taking place at Four Barrows near Aldbourne, an exposed location where the crew were recommended to wear warm clothing. The afternoon saw the filming of the daytime sequences at the Devil's Hump for Episode One, with Barry modelling the dig closely on the one at Silbury Hill. That night Pertwee and Manning joined the cast for the remaining sequences at the end of Episode One; a sheet of Mirrorlon created the distorting image of the scene. During the shoot, the short-sighted Manning lost track of her route marked by white stones and ran into a wire fence.

Shooting on Thursday 22nd began on the village green for the scene between PC Groom and Miss Hawthorne. After lunch, filming continued at the lanes near Four Barrows for sequences in Episode Two, requiring Visual Effects to provide giant hoofmarks around Groom's corpse. These were the first scenes requiring Bok, the costume of which was a rubber diving suit with mask, tail and wings based on the sculptured gargoyles at Notre Dame cathedral in Paris; the right glove could be fitted with a firework mechanism for when Bok hurled an energy bolt. The evening was spent on night sequences for Episode Two, concluding all the work for Christopher Wray and James Snell, neither of whom were needed in studio.

The crew woke on Friday 23rd April to discover there had been a snowfall, followed by drizzle and a rapid thaw. Courtney and Alec Linstead joined Pertwee at the Old Airfield by Darrells Farm near Ramsbury to shoot scenes of the UNIT convoy. The Brigadier continued to use a TM45 radio from *The Invasion*, with visual effects providing the burnt area of the heat barrier (mounds of local coal dust applied after snow clearance), the Doctor's exploding energy exchanger in the back of a Land Rover and the arc forming the hole in the barrier seen in Episode Five; a metal hoop covered in tinsel shot through a vaseline smeared lens to distort its image. The Brigadier's staff car, seen since *Spearhead from Space*, made its final appearance; a BBC Outside Broadcast van again appeared as a mobile HQ and UNIT's vehicles were completed with two Land Rovers with appropriate decals. Continuity was lax for the scene where the Doctor draws the circuits on the motorbike windshield and reshoots were necessary. Pertwee's temper became frayed by the delays, and after being calmed by Courtney he became bored and drove off for a ride on the bike.

Saturday 24th April was spent back at Aldbourne village green where a maypole had been erected and the Headington Quarry Men, an Oxford-based group located by Grimwade, performed all the morris dancing sequences; scenes filmed were for Episode Four (except effects shots and Bessie driving herself), early scenes in Episode Five and the conclusion in which the dance continued; Franklin and Courtney ad-libbed their final lines. Many villagers made cameo appearances, some being invited as observers to the studio recordings; the locals made the crew very welcome and Pertwee offered the children rides in Bessie. Shooting on the Saturday forced Barry to miss his sister's wedding; originally it was planned to film on Sunday, but Pertwee had objected as he was performing in cabaret in Portsmouth on Saturday night and required the Sunday to rest.

© Andrew Beech

On Monday 26th the crew returned to Darrells Farm to use the new airfield for the helicopter sequences. The helicopter provided by Gregory Air Services was a Hughes 200; its registration number was altered to G-UNIT. It was piloted by Captain Mike Smith who doubled as Yates and Girton in the flying sequences, directed by Barry using a walkie-talkie. The scene of Yates and Benton investigating the footprints was filmed first, followed by the chase sequence in which Girton attacked Bessie. Originally Jack Silk was to double for Franklin on the motorbike while another stuntman, Dave Wilding, would

SCRIPT CHANGES WITCH HUNTERS

As in in-joke, Fergus' speech in Episode One referred to "the third Lord Aldbourne", and originally also mentioned witches hiding from "the Scottish King James, witch-hunter extraordinary". This referred to King James VI of Scotland who had a pathological hatred of witchcraft until he travelled to England and published the book *Demonologie* in 1597. The reference was changed to Matthew Hopkins, appointed Witchfinder General in 1644, and after a ruthlessly conscientious career fell victim to accusations of witchcraft himself and was hanged in 1647. The Cambridge University fiasco was originally dated as 1959, not 1939, in the script.

STOCK MATERIAL

Episode One: The opening sequence included three feet of silent 16mm film from the Rank Film Library entitled *Life Story of a Toad*. The rugby match (originally a football match) was twelve feet of 16mm stock film from the BBC's own library with commentary from Bill McLaren.

Episode Two: Ten seconds of *March to the Scaffold*, the fourth movement of *Symphony Fantastique* by Berlioz played by the Orchestra Nationale Redefusion Francaise was used as the rugby theme and as linking music.

Episode Three: *The Lightning Fighter* was four feet of 16mm stock footage provided by the RAF. The helicopter exploding was one foot of 35mm film from Movietone.

perform Jo's fall from Bessie. However, on the day stunt arranger Peter Diamond stood in for Franklin, with Pamela Devereaux doubling for Manning; shots of Franklin on the motorcycle were filmed with the cycle mounted on another vehicle. In the script, after the helicopter explodes, the Doctor suddenly realises that he is driving directly at Yates, and it is his swerve to miss the bike that throws Jo from Bessie. An attempt to do the explosion of the copter by detonating a flash device hung underneath it was abandoned as unusable. The last two scenes were set at the heat barrier where the Devil's End Bakery van exploded. Visual Effects provided a combustable swagger stick for the Brigadier (activated by a hidden wire running up Courtney's arm), and another Devil's End/Satanhall signpost. These were the only sequences requiring Gerald Taylor, a regular Dalek operator since 1963 who had played small roles in other serials.

Filming continued at the airfield on Tuesday 27th where the Brigadier's staff car again encounters the heat barrier. A nearby road was used for Bert shooting at the Doctor; Silk doubled for Pertwee falling from the bike. Plans to film the distant explosion of the helicopter as observed by the Master were abandoned.

The last three days of shooting were at Aldbourne, with the morning of Wednesday 28th spent on all the scenes involving the helicopter; Diamond arranged the fight between Franklin and Jon Croft. After this, the scenes of Jo climbing out of the pub window and making for the church were filmed. Three scenes at the start of Episode Five were filmed next, including Yates' escape from the church and the Doctor organising the villagers. After this, the effects for Episode Four (a street lamp made of toffee glass shattering and the weather cock spinning) were filmed, along with the sequence in which the Doctor directs Bessie to overpower Bert.

CASTING
STEPHEN THORNE

It was planned to have had two actors playing Azal; the original closing credits for Episodes Four and Five list Anthony Jackson as Azal's Voice (which was to have been taped and played into studio) with tall actor Stephen Thorne as Azal. Thorne, whose deep voice had meant he frequently worked in radio, recalls that this idea failed to work in rehearsals, and so he performed Azal's voice himself. The actor had a face and dental mold taken, with a half-mask then constructed with horns and wig, and a set of false teeth made by a cosmetic dentist on Wimpole Street; his costume (hooved shoes, furry trousers, chest wig and long fingernails) was extremely uncomfortable.

Filming of Episode Five continued on Thursday 29th with some pick-up shots from the previous day, and then the scenes of Bok emerging from the church up to the arrival of the Brigadier and UNIT; The armoury company Baptys provided all the firearms and blank ammunition, while the bazooka was a Visual Effects prop. The final day, Friday 30th (attended by Dennis Hooper from *Countdown*, the Polystyle comic which featured the series), concluded filming on Episode Five with UNIT's bazooka attack on Bok (during which a plaster model of Bok was blown up and the film later reversed to show the gargoyle reassembling itself) through to the capture of the Master; Delgado was cheered by the village children until Barry asked them to boo him instead. The explosion of the church was achieved as a filmed model insert, so realistic that some viewers later wrote to the BBC, horrified at the thought that they had really destroyed the church.

Recording began in Studio TC4 on Tuesday 11th May, with a photocall on the cavern set of Pertwee fooling around with DJ Ed Stewart. From 3.30pm to 4pm, film sequences were transferred to tape as they would be for all the recording sessions; in this case the opening titles for Episodes One and Two along with several stand-alone film sequences. The main recording ran from 7.30pm to 10pm, as with the two subsequent studio sessions; taping was in sequence for the remaining scenes of Episode One. The UNIT HQ Duty Room had a monochrome monitor to relay pictures from the barrow set, the BBC3 film or the stock rugby match; for the start of *The Passing Parade* broadcast, a caption introducing "Alastair Fergus" was superimposed on a shot of Simeon. The film sequence of Fergus breaking up the confrontation between Horner and Miss Hawthorne originally ran longer, and could be heard in the background of the Duty Room; Miss Hawthorne demands Horner be restrained forcibly and points out that because the BBC is a public corporation she has a right to speak.

The scene of the Brigadier leaving for a formal function was changed before recording; originally it opens with Benton on the telephone, remonstrating with 'Mavis' that he is on duty. Mavis rings off, and Benton explains to Yates that he and Mavis were entered for the Knockout of the Southern Area Championship for ballroom dancing, much to Yates' amusement. The pub set of The Cloven Hoof also had a monochrome monitor to show the BBC3 film. In the Vestry scene where Girton informed the Master of the Doctor's presence, a couple of lines of dialogue, presumably concerning the Doctor's recognition of the name Devil's End, were omitted on recording; talking to himself, the Master speculates: "Does he know? Or is it merely a residual memory trace?"

The seated Bok statue was made of expanded polystyrene with red lights fitted into the turning head; after the serial was completed, this was taken by Pertwee to place in his garden at his Barnes home. CSO was used in several cavern shots to add a foreground rockface and a ceiling over the set. The closing credits for Episode One, and all the episodes of the serial, used the full 1'10"

EDITING
CUTS FOR TRANSMISSION

During editing, the reprise of Episode Two lost the final shot of Jo from Episode One and had to have several timing cuts. The first was the beginning of the pub scene with the Doctor, and also the end of the same sequence in which Doctor Reeves comments that he cannot perform miracles to save the Doctor. The end of the phone conversation between Jo and Yates was lost – Jo comments: "I've never been so scared in my life. There's something awful going on here. The whole place has a feeling about it." The end of the next scene was also removed; Yates tells Benton they will go down to Devil's End with the latter asking: "What about the Brigadier?" "The Brigadier can . . ." starts Yates, and then continues, "he can follow us down there later." He then tells Benton to change into civvies, fuel the chopper and take off at first light. A short film sequence of Groom waking up at the barrow prior to the Master's solo ceremony was also cut. Ronnie Marsh, Head of Serials, ordered a shot of the Master raising his knife to Jo in Episode Five be removed, meaning that the end of the Master's speech was cut (he says "I dedicate this offering" and should continue "in exaltation of thy mighty power"). Christopher Barry argued about this with Marsh, with Barry Letts mediating, but the cut was made.

REPEATS COLOURISATION

As well as the colour tape and monochrome films, the BBC also had non-broadcast standard U-matic 525 line Betamax video cassettes from a 1978 compilation by KCET TV in Los Angeles. This version had been shown at the National Film Theatre as part of *Doctor Who – The Developing Art* on Saturday 29th October 1983. It had long been suggested that recolourisation of the film prints could be possible, and this was proposed in early 1992 to John Whiston (the producer of *The Late Show* responsible for scheduling *Doctor Who* repeats on BBC2) by graphic designer Ralph Montagu and equipment designer James Russell. After a test on Episode One, work proceeded on restoring the remaining material; combining the colour signal of the videotapes with the luminance of the film, with assistance from Steve Roberts of the Archives. To do this, images had to be resized and aligned, overcoming minor cuts made on the US transmission and some shots where the colour signal was missing. A VHS recording loaned by Keith Hunter bridged a twenty-second gap in Episode Three where the Betamax tapes had been changed. New titles were created using blank versions of the original film.

version of the closing theme tune. Most of Episode Two was then recorded in sequence, omitting scenes set in the Pub Bedroom, the Vicarage and the confrontation with Bok. Courtney provided the announcer's voice over the apology caption "DEVIL'S END Temporary Fault BBC3tv".

For the film transfer of Yates and Benton in the helicopter, a CSO shot was inserted of a helicopter cabin window over an aerial photocaption of the countryside onto which huge cloven footprints had been added. During the fight in the cavern between Garvin and Benton, the shotgun broke, resulting in hysterics for Levene and Joyce as they tried to hide the fact. For Azal's appearances, a "Heat fx card" was superimposed brightly over the main picture on film and studio sequences; this was followed by a low point-of-view greased lens shot for Azal as he approached the marked stone in the cavern. At the end of the evening, four cavern scenes for Episode Three of the Master summoning Azal were recorded; a recording run-on allowed the addition of frost to Delgado's face as the Dæmon arrived before the taping of the Episode Three's closing titles.

© Andrew Beech

On Wednesday 19th May taping continued in TC4, along with a photocall of the Doctor, Jo and Bok in the barrow. In the afternoon film sequences were transferred for Episodes Two and Episode Three, with a photocaption of electricity pylons inserted into one sequence as a cut-in in studio. In the evening, the rest of Episode Two was recorded in sequence using the sets for the Pub Bedroom, the Vicarage and the Barrow, ending with the closing titles; taping continued into Episode Three, recorded in its entirety apart from the cavern scenes and the closing credits; Barry himself provided the voice of RAF pilot Red 04.

A recording break was scheduled prior to Squire Winstanley's death so that Rollo Gamble could move from the vicarage to the CSO area; Gamble was then placed over the shot of the Vicarage set, ready to be faded out as Bok fired at him. Finally, five scenes were taped for Episode Four in the Pub Bedroom, the Vicarage and at UNIT Mobile HQ so that none of these sets would be needed for the final recording. Also recorded was the Pub sequence of Miss Hawthorne and Benton hearing the Morris Dancers arrive.

With one recording session to go, transmission of *The Dæmons* began. For Episode One's programme listing, *Radio Times* included Frank Bellamy artwork showing Miss Hawthorne and the Doctor and Jo in Bessie. The following week, Manning was featured in a short item entitled *Doctor, Doctor . . .* as she recalled her experiences on the series.

Recording concluded in Studio TC1 on Wednesday 26th May, with a photocall for Azal that afternoon. The opening titles for Episodes Four and Five were taped, along with most film inserts for these instalments. Only three sets (cavern, pub and vestry) were needed, and Courtney was not required. Recording for the rest of Episode Four and all of Episode Five was in sequence; time-consuming CSO was used to add Azal's giant legs into the scenes in the cavern, with Thorne standing on a blue set; a recording run-on was scheduled to place the wind machine and loose book pages in position for the sequence in which the elemental forces tear the book apart. The fight sequence between Benton and a Morris Dancer saw Levene fighting stunt arranger Diamond; Levene fell on a glass ashtray and was in pain for the rest of the evening.

© Andrew Beech

In the episode's final scene, CSO was used to show Azal growing to his full height, followed by the closing titles for Episode Four. A recording run-on was scheduled to allow a string to be attached to Yates' gun which was flung from his hand by Bok's energy bolt; when Azal felt the effect of the Doctor's energy exchanger, an ADA video effect was used to create a red glow over Azal; after the Doctor's arrival, recording included many run-ons to line up the CSO shots, and in some shots an energy crackle from a spark machine was superimposed from Azal's fingertips. Azal's destruction was again accomplished using an electronic glow from ADA, with the screen image flaring pink. The closing credits of Episode Five concluded recording of the season. *The Dæmons* was to become the favourite serial for many of those working on it, including Pertwee, Manning, Courtney, Franklin, Levene and Barry.

Incidental music was composed by Dudley Simpson and realised with the assistance of Brian Hodgson at the BBC Radiophonic Workshop as an electronic score. Running to just over twenty-three minutes in total, it incorporated the Master theme which Simpson had developed in *Terror of the Autons*.

Shown against *The Dæmons* on ITV were programmes such as *Whitaker's World of Music* (LWT), *The Golden Shot* (Southern), *Nearest and Dearest/The Sky's the Limit* (Granada) and old movies on ATV and Yorkshire. *Doctor Who* retained the strong ratings which it had build up since its new time slot for *Colony in Space*.

Because of *Doctor Who*'s popularity, it was decided to introduce the next season with a Christmas compilation repeat. *The Dæmons* was selected as the first for this treatment, edited down to 89'05" and billed in *Radio Times* as *Doctor Who and the Dæmons* along with Bellamy artwork of the Master and Doctor. The closing credits were taken from Episode Five, with the continuity announcer reading out the names of the other cast members over the end titles. ITV's competition was afternoon filler shows, *Junior Showtime* and *Magpie*, allowing the compilation an audience of ten-and-a-half million, the largest since 1965. A special photo article on the location shooting of the serial, *A Day with Dr Who*, appeared in the *Countdown* annual for 1972.

In December 1971 the Australian Board of Film Censors gave the serial an 'A' rating, meaning it would not be transmitted. Only the USA initially purchased *The Dæmons* in a package of Pertwee serials in 1972, and

SERIAL JJJ **THE DÆMONS**

CAST: Jon Pertwee (*Doctor Who*) with Damaris Hayman (*Miss Hawthorne*), Eric Hillyard (*Dr Reeves*) [1-3], David Simeon (*Alastair Fergus*) [1], James Snell (*Harry*) [1-2], Katy Manning (*Jo Grant*), Richard Franklin (*Captain Mike Yates*), Robin Wentworth (*Prof Horner*) [1], John Levene (*Sergeant Benton*), Rollo Gamble (*Winstanley*) [1-3], Don McKillop (*Bert the Landlord*), Jon Croft (*Tom Girton*) [1-3], Christopher Wray (*PC Groom*) [1-2], John Joyce (*Garvin*) [1-2], Roger Delgado (*The Master*), Nicholas Courtney (*Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart*), Gerald Taylor (*Baker's Man*) [2], Stanley Mason (*Bok*) [2-3,5], Alec Linstead (*Sgt Osgood*) [3-5], John Owens (*Thorpe*) [3-5], The Headington Quarry Men (*Morris Dancers*) [4], Stephen Thorne (*Azal*) [4-5], Matthew Corbett (*Jones*) [5].

EXTRAS: John Holmes (*Jim, Man with Dog*); Sonnie Willis, Roy Oliver, Bruce Humble, Simon Malloy (*TV Crew*); Robin Squire (*TV Cameraman*); Patrick Milner (*UNIT Corporal*); Lily Harrold, Mo Race (*Women in Pub*); Ronald Mayer, John Tatham, David J Graham, Jimmy Mac, Michael Earl, Richard Lawrence, Charles Fince, Roy Pearce, Vic Taylor, Alan Lenoire (*Men in Pub/Coven*); Nicholas Courtney (*BBC3 Announcer*); Leslie Bates, Steve Ismay, Ron Tingley, Anthony Case (*TV Unit*); Mike Smith (*Helicopter Pilot/Double for Captain Mike Yates and Girton*); Christopher Barry (*Voice of Red 04*); Gladys Bacon, Renne Roberts, Mo Race, Michael Moore, Bill Burridge, Ronald Mayer, Ernest Blyth, Keith Ashley, Bill Lodge, Lawrence Archer, Rex Rashley, Michael Earl, Charles Shaw Hesketh, Bill Gosling, Geoff Witherick, Walter Goodman, Charles Finch, Ian Elliott (*Villagers inc Mr Greville*); John Scott Martin (*Charlie*); Peter Diamond (*Stuntman/Double for Captain Mike Yates*); John Crane, JW Phillips, R Dixon (*Film Extras*); Jim Davidson, Paul Stone, George Mackie, Andrew Butcher, Ron Taylor, Terry Denton (*UNIT Soldiers*); Pamela Deveraux (*Double for Jo Grant*); Peter Diamond (*Stuntman/Morris Dancer*); Patrick Gorman, John Tatham, Charles Shaw Hesketh, Vic Taylor, Geoff Witherick, David J Graham, Rex Rashley, Michael Moore, Bill Burridge, Lawrence Archer (*Coven Members*); Jack Silk (*Stuntman/Double for Dr Who*); Les Osman, Myrtle Osman, Jean Scaife, Maria Burns, Kathy Ryan, Lesley Matcham, Lyn Matcham (*Villagers at Maypole*); Marion Deuchar (*Villager with child*); Ernest Blythe (*Coven Member*); Frank Bennett, Ray James, Daryl Grove, Terry Rolph, Ray Taylor, Helge Borgen, Gary Edwards, Monica Kidd, Jane Woods, Beryl Houghton, Bob James, Clive Wentzal, Roger Marcham, Monty Yerger, Dave Martin, S Ford, S Madden, Jerry Melbourne, Robin Ford (*Villagers/UNIT Soldiers/Coven Members*); Unknown (*Voice of Chalmers*).

CREDITS: Written by Guy Leopold [pen-name for Robert Sloman and Barry Letts]. Fight Arranger: Peter Diamond [4]. Title Music by Ron Grainer and BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Incidental Music: Dudley Simpson. Special Sound: Brian Hodgson and BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Film Cameraman: Fred Hamilton. Film Sound: Dick Manton. Film Editor: Chris Wimble. Visual Effects: Peter Day. Costumes: Barbara Lane*. Makeup: Jan Harrison*. Studio Lighting: Ralph Walton*. Studio Sound: Tony Millier*. Script Editor: Terrance Dicks. Designer: Roger Ford. Producer: Barry Letts. Directed by Christopher Barry.

* Credited on Episodes One and Five

UK BROADCAST DETAILS

Episode One	
22nd May 1971	6.15pm-6.40pm
Episode Two	
29th May 1971	6.10pm-6.35pm
Episode Three	
5th June 1971	6.10pm-6.35pm
Episode Four	
12th June 1971	6.10pm-6.35pm
Episode Five	
19th June 1971	6.10pm-6.35pm

REPEAT DETAILS

The Dæmons	
28th December 1971	4.20pm-5.50pm
Episode One	
20th November 1992*	7.15pm-7.40pm
Episode Two	
27th November 1992*	7.15pm-7.40pm
Episode Three	
4th December 1992*	7.15pm-7.40pm
Episode Four	
11th December 1992*	7.15pm-7.40pm
Episode Five	
18th December 1992*	7.15pm-7.40pm

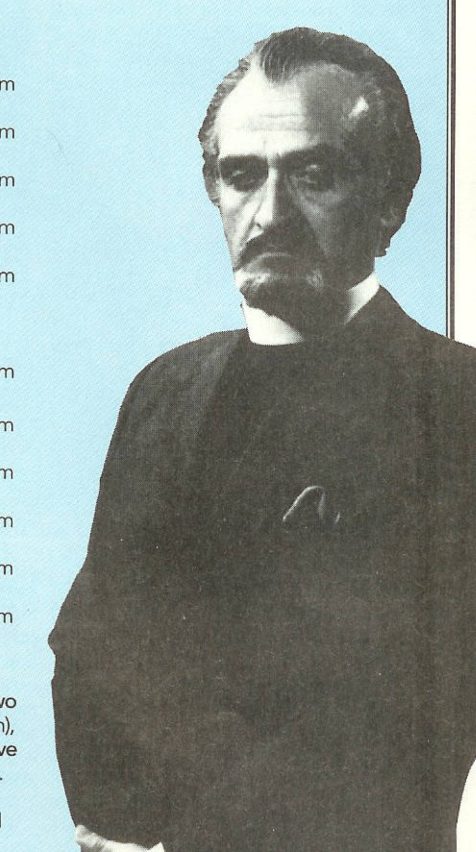
* Broadcast on BBC2

Viewing Figures

Episode One 9.2M (26th), **Episode Two** 8.0M (23rd), **Episode Three** 8.1M (34th), **Episode Four** 8.1M (24th), **Episode Five** 8.3M (17th). **Compilation** 10.5M (38th). ***BBC2 Repeats*** 2.5M (27th*), 3.0M (23rd*), 2.3M (N/A), 2.2M (26th*), 2.3M (24th*).

* Places in BBC2 Chart

No Audience Appreciation Figures recorded



broadcast it in episodic and compilation form up to 1978.

As the Target novelisations began in 1973, Letts was commissioned to adapt the serial as *Doctor Who and the Dæmons* prior to July 1973. Illustrated by Alan Willow with a cover by Chris Achilleos, the book was published in May 1974 and included some of the material dropped from the teleplay as well developing Stan Wilkins, the young villager whose father took on the role of Girton from the serial. A hardback edition appeared from WH Allen in January 1982 entitled *Doctor Who – Doctor Who and the Dæmons* with a new cover painted by Andrew Skilleter. Around this time the paperback was reissued with the same cover and numbered Book 15 in the Target range. Coupled with *The Time Monster*, the novelisation was also issued as one of the *Doctor Who Classics* series by Star in March 1989. The paperback was issued as *Doctor Who – The Dæmons* in October 1993 with a new cover to tie in with the BBC Video release. Overseas, the book appeared as *Doutor Who E Os Demonios* in Portugal from Editorial Presence and as *Doctor Who En De Demonon* in Holland from RIV.

While still producer, Letts selected *The Dæmons* to be retained by the BBC Archives, although only the colour videotape of Episode Four was retained and by 1977 the other episodes were wiped. It was found that BBC Enterprises retained the monochrome film prints and negatives which were transferred to the BBC Archives. These were sold to the USA in the early 1980s (also shown as a TVM of one hour fifty-three minutes), Canada, New Zealand (screened in October 1985) and Australia (screened in May 1986) and shown at National Film Theatre events around the country. In March 1992 Episode Five was issued on *Doctor Who – The Pertwee Years* by BBC Video.

On Wednesday 7th October 1992 Keith Barnfather of Reeltime Pictures recorded *Return to Devil's End* at Aldbourne and Membury featuring reminiscences from Pertwee, Courtney, Franklin, Levene, Barry and the locals. The video, released in February 1993, also included home movie footage of the location shoot, as did Mastervision's *The Doctors* in September 1995. In November 1992 Titan Books issued the transcript of the serial in *Doctor Who – The Scripts: The Dæmons* with a cover by Alister Pearson.

During the spring and summer of 1992 *The Dæmons* was recolourised. The serial was originally due to be broadcast on BBC2 on Friday evenings from 4th September, although this date was subsequently delayed to November. The repeats were heralded both by a preview on *Tomorrow's World* (demonstrating the technology used for the reconstruction) and also in *Radio Times*; an article entitled *The Return of the Dæmon* by Richard Johnson with colour artwork by Mark Thomas talked to those involved with the restoration. Subsequent to this, the colourised serial was released in March 1993 by BBC Video, with a cover painting by Alister Pearson. The serial was also broadcast by UK Gold in episodic and compilation form over July/August 1993 and May 1995.

Andrew Pixley

The Dæmons was the first complete *Doctor Who* story I ever saw. It got me hooked. Thanks, Jon.
ANP 20/05/96.

Shelf Life

Chang's daughter is out to catch Greel,
The dastardly Sin at her heel;
Bernice finds her pater,
But which book is greater?
The latter, **Dave Owen** would feel . . .

THE SHADOW OF WENG-CHIANG

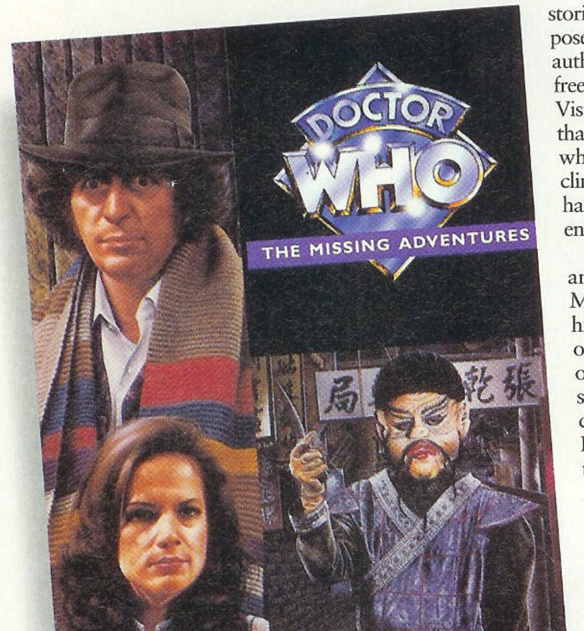
> K9 takes a fuller role than on screen, most entertainingly when faced with the task of climbing a mountain.

The problem with David A MacIntee's *Doctor Who* novels is that they aren't really novels, but screenplays for unfilmed action blockbusters, realised in prose rather than on celluloid. Instead of being able to relax with a good book, the reader is faced with the task of visualising each scene in minute detail in order for it to make sense. At the end of his latest *Missing Adventure, The Shadow of Weng-Chiang* (ISBN 0 426 20479 4), I certainly felt as though I had just watched, rather than read it. I was also exhausted.

Following the current trend for established Virgin authors to pen *Missing Adventures* as sequels to fondly-remembered televised serials, this is a follow-up to 1977's *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, occurring when the Doctor, Romana and K9 are seeking the fourth segment of the Key to Time. It's set in Shanghai, some fifty years after the events surrounding the Palace Theatre. Just as Doyle's Sherlock Holmes would have been at home in the earlier story, the setting and events here would be ideal work for Indiana Jones or Hergé's Tintin, forever knocking slant-eyed thugs out of light aircraft, or discovering tell-tale discarded matchbooks.

There is plenty of such action and mystery but very little story until about half-way through. When it emerges, it is a well-balanced and satisfying account of Hsien-Ko, daughter of Li H'sen Chang, and her attempt to intercept Magnus Greel's Time Cabinet and prevent him arriving in the nineteenth century and destroying her father. Chang's irradiated genes have kept her eternally young at a price, and she has risen to lead the Tong of the Black Scorpion, marshalling their resources for her plan. Events move satisfyingly to an explosive climax centred on the holy mountain Tai Shan, beneath which lies her huge secret base, providing confirmation (if it were really needed after his debut, *White Darkness*) that the author has a more than passing admiration for the adventures of James Bond.

After depicting the ambiguous seventh and subtle fifth incarnations of the Doctor, David is far more successful here with the unmistakable fourth. It's very easy to visualise him striding purposefully around this adventure, utilising his scarf as an implement wherever possible. Equally recognisable is Romana's first incarnation, here very much the I-told-you-so psychoanalyst of Robert Holmes' two Key to Time stories, and amusingly required to pose as a night-club singer. But the author has the most fun with K9; freed from the restrictions of BBC Visual Effects, he takes a fuller role than on screen, most entertainingly when faced with the task of climbing a mountain, and when hanging out of an aeroplane on the end of the Doctor's scarf.



Suspense is maintained by anticipation of the arrival of Magnus Greel, aka Weng-Chiang himself, but it's a no-show. This is only made up for by the presence of the main villain's animated servant, Mr Sin, the ventriloquist's dummy rescued from the Palace Theatre in a prologue that ties in with the *Decalog* story *Fallen Angel*.

Disappointingly, David has continued his habit of apparently refusing to let a scrap of research go to waste. This leads to informative but unnecessary passages describing the far eastern political map of the 1930s and a paragraph describing the precise nomenclature of a collection of guns that would be rather disturbing in any context other than a period thriller such as this. David's books are becoming more readable, but in frustratingly small steps. He is an accomplished storyteller, but the printed word is utterly the wrong medium for someone who would make a superb screenwriter. If only this were a film.

The Shadow of Weng-Chiang
by David A MacIntee

Romana tapped her solid door experimentally. "Locked with a wooden slide? Do they still use such primitive technology here?"

"Primitive but effective: no circuitry to disrupt, not even a metal bolt susceptible to a magnet. Even the sonic screwdriver won't get us out of this one . . ." He held up a dog whistle. "This should, though."

"K9 ? Will he be able to make it through the city? He will stand out a bit."

"Of course he'll make it. He's the only dog in the country that won't have to run from any chefs."

RETURN OF THE LIVING DAD

Just as guilty of writing for the wrong medium this month is Kate Orman, making a speedy return to the *New Adventures* with *Return of the Living Dad* (ISBN 0 426 204824). Perhaps afraid that the reader may grow bored with any given scene, she cuts between them with dizzying rapidity, rather as though this were a televised Seventh Doctor story as opposed to a written one. Kate is unmistakably influenced by the Sylvester McCoy era, and, far more strongly than in her first three *New Adventures*, now evokes its odd fusion of slapstick adventure and moving personal epiphanies.

Unhindered by performers' contracts or television convention, the *New Adventures* have been able to build up a portfolio of semi-regular characters to accompany the Doctor. This month, former travelling companion Bernice Summerfield and her husband Jason return, enlisting the Doctor to help trace Bernice's father, missing since her childhood in the Dalek wars of the third millennium. Their search brings them to Little Caldwell, Berkshire, in 1983, where Summerfield senior has set up a secret refuge for homeless aliens and stranded time travellers.

It's all rather reminiscent of *Happy Endings*, thanks to the rural English setting and large number of incognito aliens, or even a more dignified *Delta and the Bannermen*

Return of the Living Dad is a book for fans, by a fan, and often *about* fans.

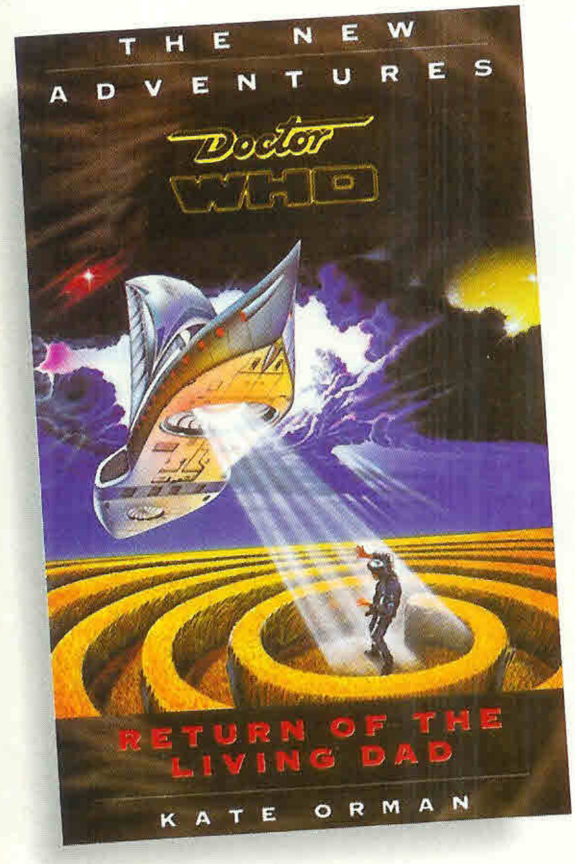
(the refuge even boasts a lost Bannerman and a mislaid Navarino). Although frequently light-hearted, *Return of the Living Dad* is far from inconsequential, with Bernice's reunion with her father proving a bittersweet occasion for all concerned. The overriding strength of the book is in the characterisation of the companions, ex-companions and relatives who now make up the Doctor's extended family. The reasons for all the frantic running around Berkshire are as naught compared to the opportunities it provides, for the characters to reveal – and in doing so, learn – more about themselves.

The similarities to *Happy Endings* run deep; as well as extending Bernice's family, Kate takes the opportunity to tie up a few more of the unresolved loose ends from previous books in the range while never resisting the temptation for knowing humour. For instance, some of those drawn to Little Caldwell are fanatical documentors of the Doctor, who print blotchy fanzines about his reported sightings on Earth and exchange heated debate about him over computer bulletin boards. When they finally find the Time Lord in their midst, they keenly demand to be put out of their misery as to exactly what years his exploits with UNIT took place, no consensus having been so far achieved. It's a book for fans, by a fan, and often *about* fans.

I'm glad to see *Return of the Living Dad* maintaining recent trends in the *New Adventures*. As in *GodEngine* (and, I suppose, the recent *Doctor Who* TV Movie), the Daleks make their presence felt without actually appearing, and like *The Also People*, this book features a wonderful allegorical fable as its prologue and epilogue. The TV Movie makes its first impact on the *New Adventures* here, with the Doctor adopting the costume he's seen wearing at its outset and, when undergoing the extreme physical trauma that permeates Kate's work, feeling the foreshadowing of his eighth incarnation.

This *New Adventure*'s most impressive feat is pulling off such a successful fusion of the wonderfully silly, such as a sentient spatula called Graeme who used to be part of an Auton, with the rather moving, like the realisation of companions Chris and Roz that they may be more than just good friends. And I can forgive Kate more than David for clinging to the style of the visual media this month, because she uses the written form to provide so many profound insights into the lives of her characters, and indeed, people in general. Many times while reading *Return of the Living Dad*, I thought to myself, "Yes, how very true." Impressive.

◆



Return of the Living Dad
by Kate Orman

"The time travellers are dreadful, Bernice. They always offer to take you back to save a dead relative, or correct some terrible mistake. Which doesn't mean much when you know they're stranded because they forgot to bring spare batteries for their time machine."

Benny laughed, just a small laugh, some of the tension leaving her face.

"Do you know what the Draconians call him, Benny?"

She shook her head.

"The Oncoming Storm."

Above them, thunder crashed, making the crockery rattle in the cupboard. They both smiled at the timing.

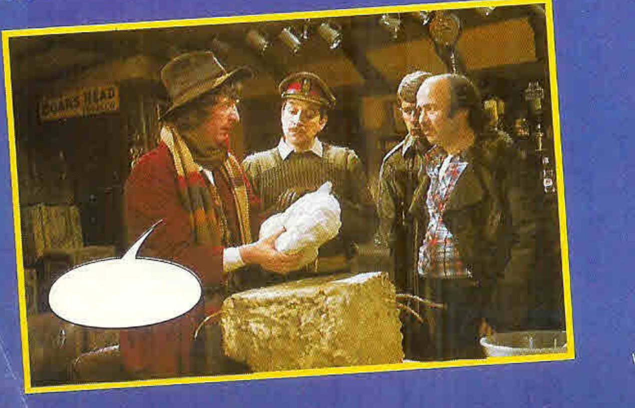
"We can't help it," she sighed. "We're lightning rods."

CRAZY CAPTION!

Here's your chance to win one of ten copies of Reeltime Pictures' *Shakedown – Return of the Sontarans* video.

Simply devise an amusing statement for the caption in the picture below. The best ten will win a video. We'll print our favourites in a future issue.

Send your entry on the back of a postcard to **CRAZY CAPTION 241** at the editorial address on page three.

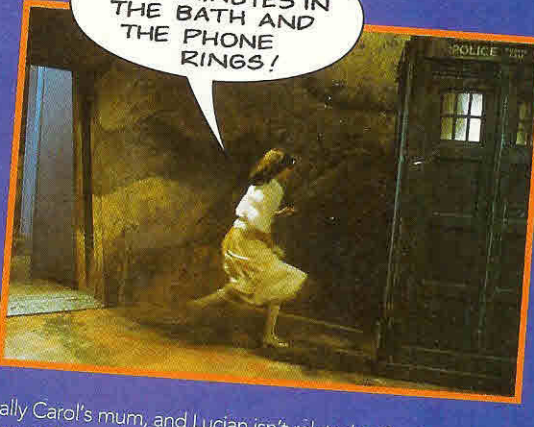


Crazy Caption 236 result

Crackerjack **DWM** designer Paul Vyse hasn't had the best of months. UK hopeful Gina G's dismal (seventh) placing in this year's *Eurovision Song Contest* left him bitter and surly. Things degenerated further for Paul with the arrival of the new series of *The Liver Birds*. "A television classic has been resurrected with no thought to the careful continuity established in the 1970s!" he hissed at me yesterday. "It's outrageous – Beryl's mum is actually Carol's mum, and Lucian isn't related to Beryl at all, he's Carol's brother. Is this what I'm paying my licence fee for?" To top it off, Paul's Feathers McGraw fridge magnet fell off and his little legs broke. All in all, Paul hasn't had much reason to come out of his TARDIS playtent each morning.

Until, of course, we let him judge the latest batch of *Crazy Caption* entries, and his life was once again filled with sunshine, bread pudding and fluorescent balloons. The chosen caption, from **Dale Lucas** of Brisbane, Australia, is printed above. Dale and four others win copies of Jessica Carney's *Who's There?*. Thanks, people, you've made the office a safe place to work in again.

PS. Our apologies to **Rich Black** of Wokingham for neglecting to name him as the main winner last issue.


TYPICAL! FIVE MINUTES IN THE BATH AND THE PHONE RINGS!
POLICE

Déjà vu

Déjà vu

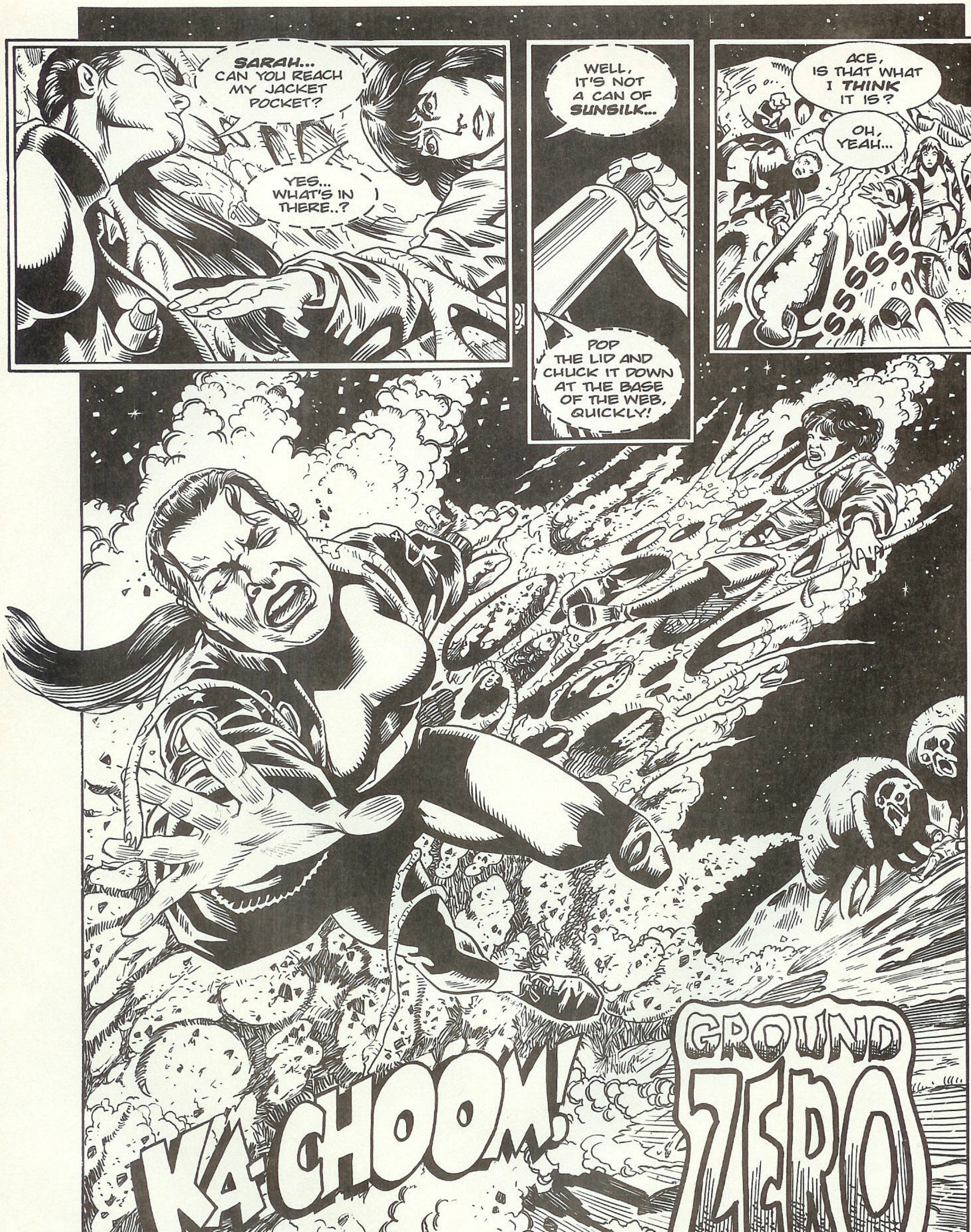
compiled by THE MONITOR

In Season Thirteen's *Terror of the Zygons . . .*	In Season Thirteen's *The Android Invasion . . .*
The TARDIS materialises . . . . . . in a little forest clearing close by the village of Tulloch. The Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane Smith investigate the local pub – The Fox Inn – unaware that their every move is being watched by nasty space aliens – the hideous Zygons – who have placed a bug in the stag's-head on the wall . . .	**The TARDIS materialises . . .** . . . in a little forest clearing close by the village of Devesham. The Fourth Doctor and Sarah Jane Smith investigate the local pub – The Fleur-de-Lys – unaware that their every move is being watched by nasty space aliens – the hideous Kraals – who have placed a bug in the dartboard on the wall . . .
The nasty space aliens . . . . . . are hiding out, near the village, in their strangely organic headquarters. Their world has been destroyed, but warlord Broton has hatched a plot which requires the use of duplicated humans in an effort to recreate their home planet on Earth . . .	**The nasty space aliens . . .** . . . are hiding out, near the village, in their strangely organic headquarters. Their world is being destroyed, but warlord Styggron has hatched a plot which requires the use of duplicated humans in an effort to recreate Earth on their home planet . . .
So all is not as it seems? Indeed not. The Doctor's companion spots a lone figure staggering across a barren landscape, watched over by The Caber, an armed servant of the Zygons; Sarah Jane telephones the Doctor in the pub – which lures him into an ambush; Harry Sullivan is copied by the aliens; and, in the creatures' HQ, the Doctor attempts to break their fiendish jamming signal – but ends up writhing in agony beneath a wibbly-wobbly video effect . . .	**So all is not as it seems?** Indeed not. The Doctor's companion spots a lone figure staggering across a barren landscape, watched over by sinister mechanics, armed servants of the Kraals; Sarah Jane telephones the Doctor in the pub – which lures him into an ambush; Harry Sullivan is copied by the aliens; and, in the creatures' HQ, the Doctor is strapped into their fiendish brain-drain device – and ends up writhing in agony beneath a wibbly-wobbly video effect . . .
At the end of Part Three . . . . . . the aliens take off in a spaceship; the Doctor is trapped on board . . .	**At the end of Part Three . . .** . . . the aliens take off in a spaceship; the Doctor is trapped on board . . .
But it's not all over yet! In Part Four, Broton – by using a duplicated Duke of Forgill – manages to infiltrate an Energy Conference, and tries to destroy those within by unleashing upon them his ultimate weapon, the lethal Skarasen . . .	**But it's not all over yet!** In Part Four, Styggron – by using duplicated UNIT personnel – manages to infiltrate a Space Research Centre, and tries to destroy those within by unleashing upon them his ultimate weapon, a lethal virus . . .
The Big Finish . . . Broton is killed, and the invasion of Earth is foiled. Apparently.	**The Big Finish . . .** Styggron is killed, and the invasion of Earth is foiled. Apparently.

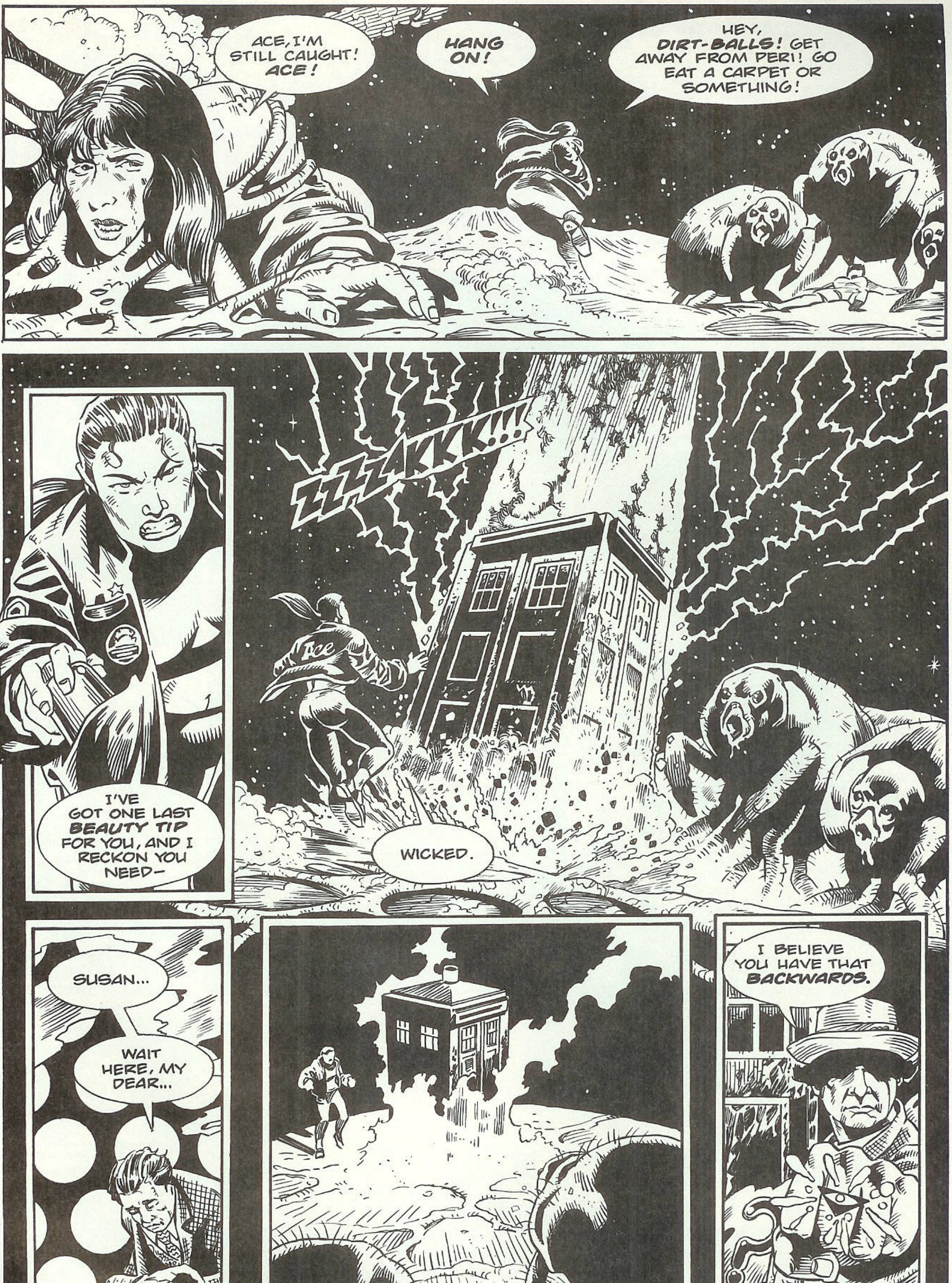
"We Don't Get Strangers Round 'Ere Much, Zurrr . . ."

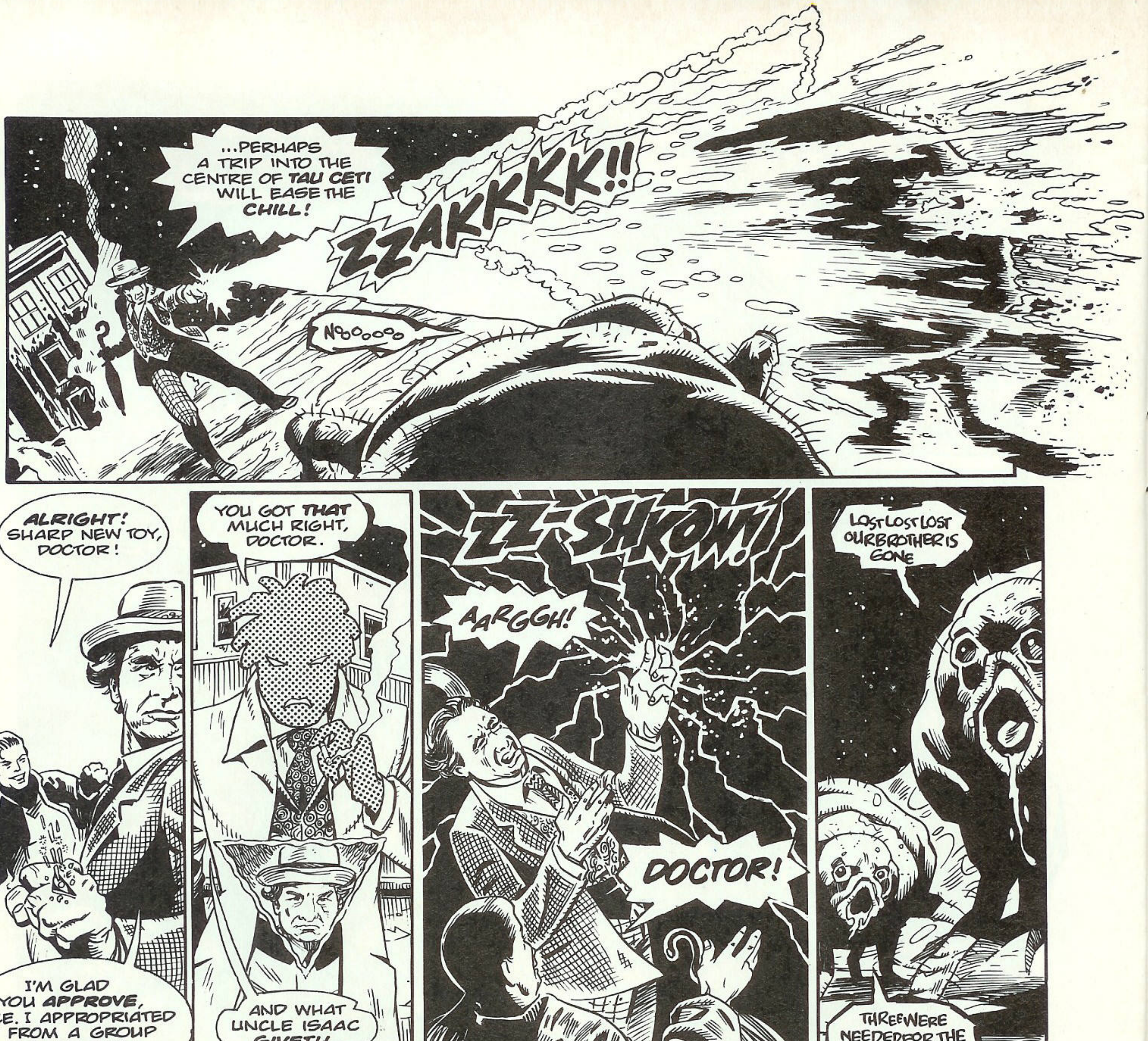
***Doctor Who* pubs, clubs, bars and hostelries in general include:**

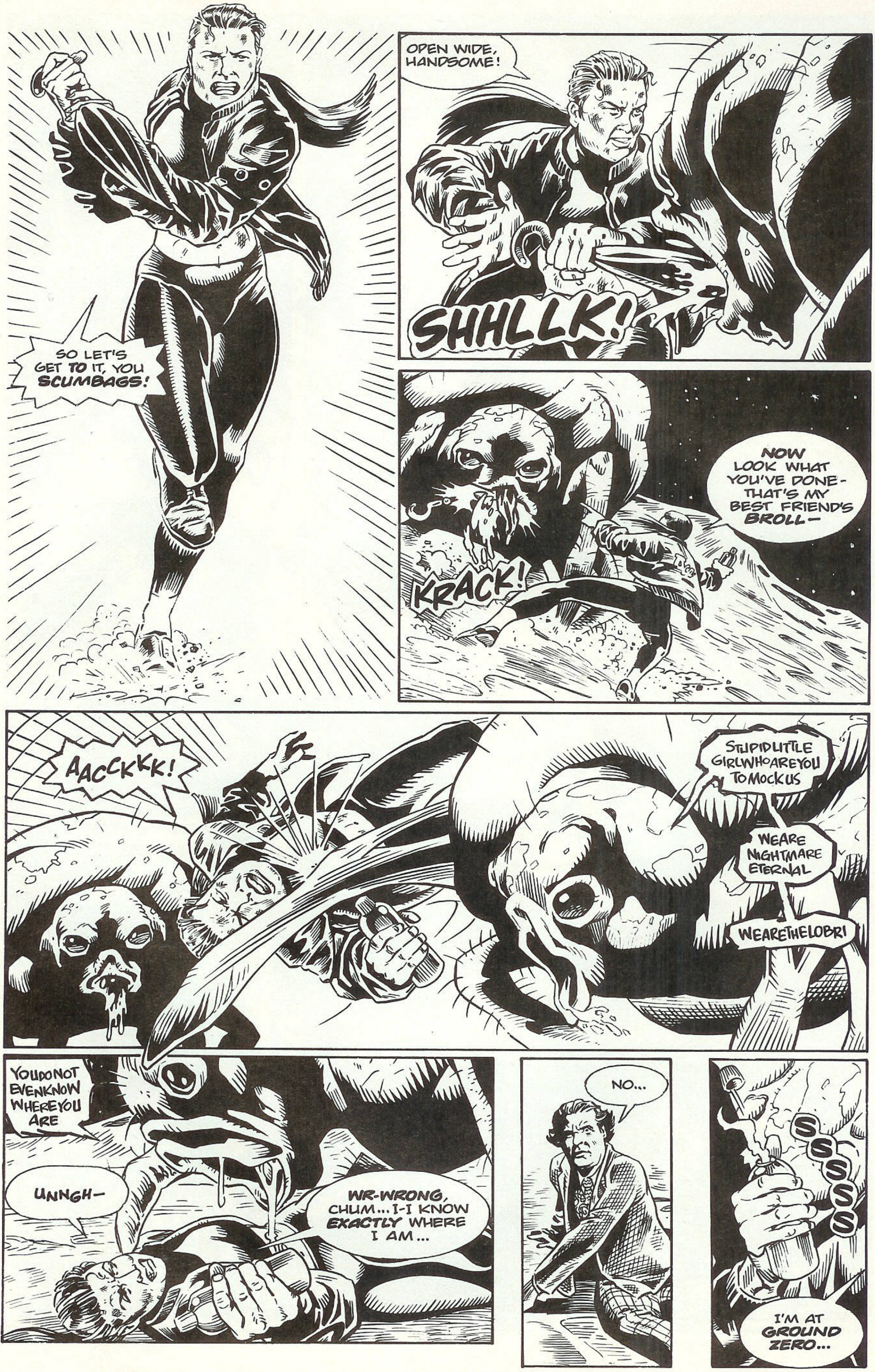
The Sinking Ship (*The Reign of Terror*); a tavern in the Paris of 1572 (*The Massacre*); The Last Chance Saloon, Tombstone, Arizona (*The Gunfighters*); Covent Garden's Inferno Club ("the hottest nite-spot in town" according to *The War Machines*); Jacob Kewper's spectacularly rowdy Cornish inn (*The Smugglers*); a spit-'n'-sawdust Scots saloon (*The Highlanders*); The Cloven Hoof, Devil's End (*The Dæmons*); The Fox Inn and the Fleur-de-Lys (see above); a Parisienne street cafe (*City of Death*); Las Cadenas, Seville (Oscar's eaterie in *The Two Doctors*); the lounge bar on spaceliner Hyperion III (*The Trial of a Timelord*); the Iceworld cantina (*Dragonfire*); the Gore Crow hotel-cum-brewery, home to the CAMRA-approved Arthur's Ale (*Battlefield*); the Drayton Court, Ace's Perivale local (*Survival*); and The Queen Victoria, Albert Square, East London (co-opted for use as the Rani's TARDIS in *Dimensions in Time*). *(That'sh quite enough pubsh - slurred Ed.)*

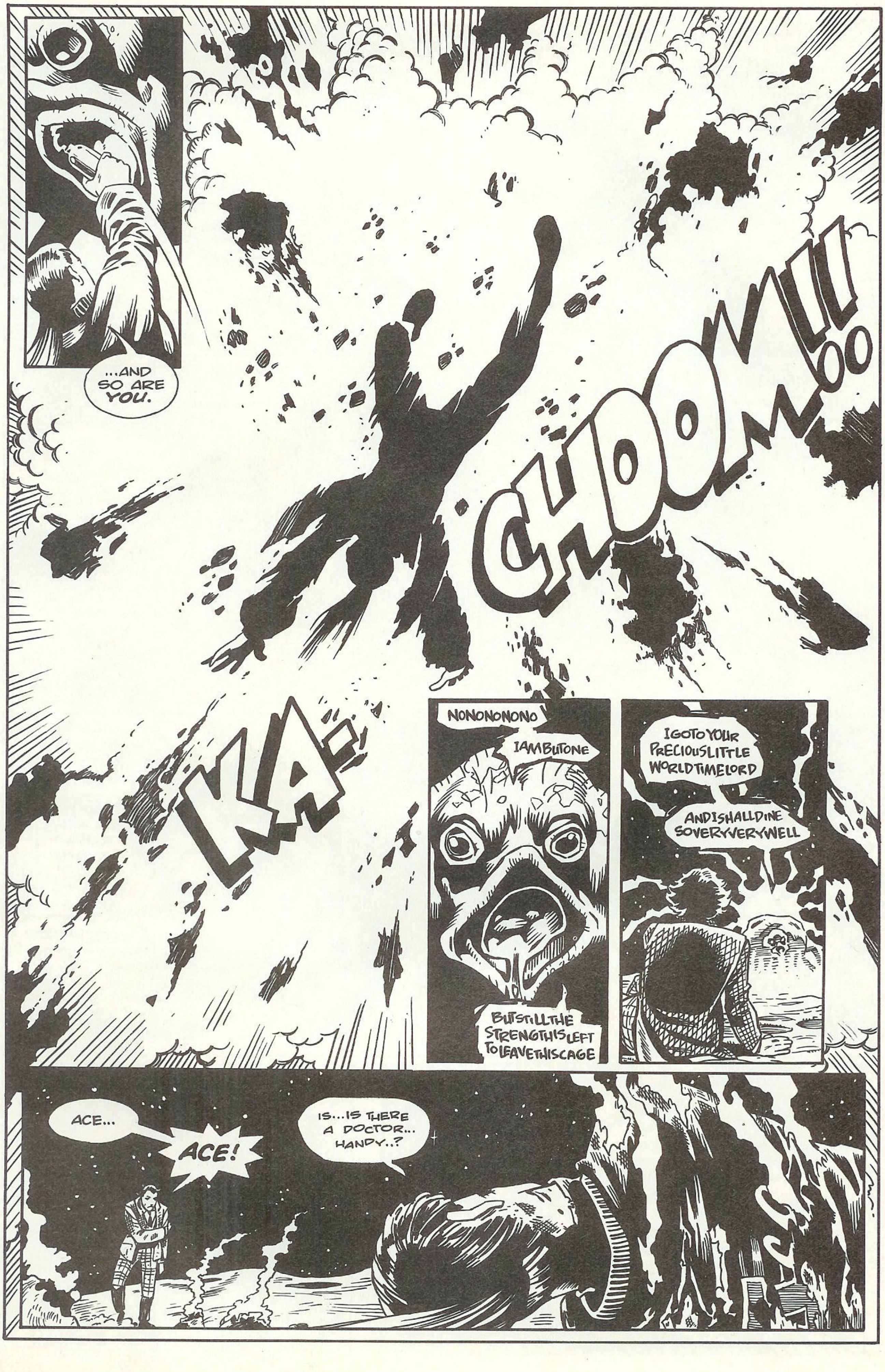

SARAH... CAN YOU REACH MY JACKET POCKET?
YES... WHAT'S IN THERE..?
WELL, IT'S NOT A CAN OF SUNSILK...
POP THE LID AND CHUCK IT DOWN AT THE BASE OF THE WEB, QUICKLY!
ACE, IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?
OH, YEAH...
SSSSS
KA-CHOOM!
GROUND ZERO
PART FOUR

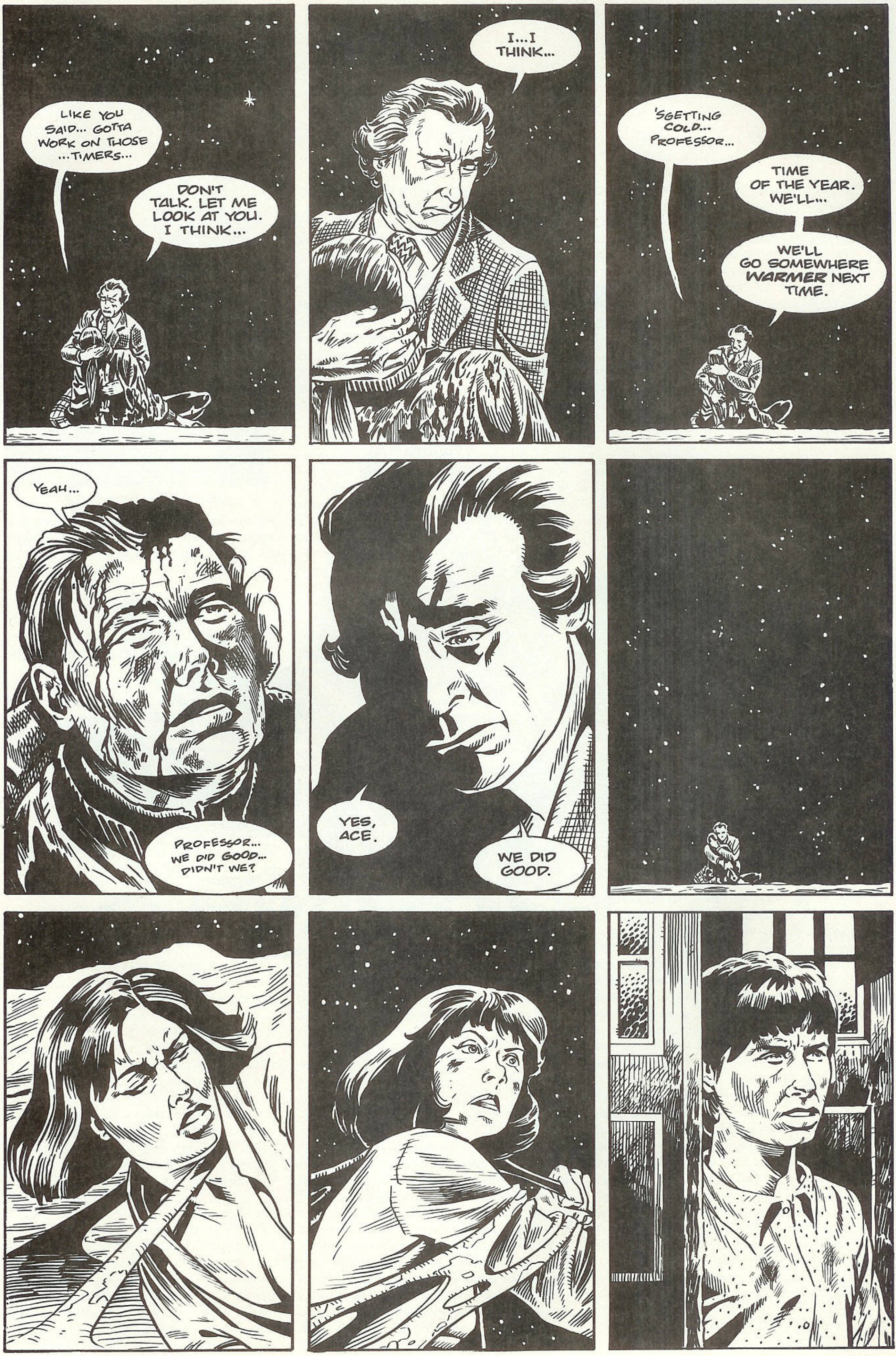
STORY: SCOTT GRAY, PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY, INKS: BAMBOS GEORGIOU, LETTERS: ELITTA FELL, EDITOR: GARY GILLATT

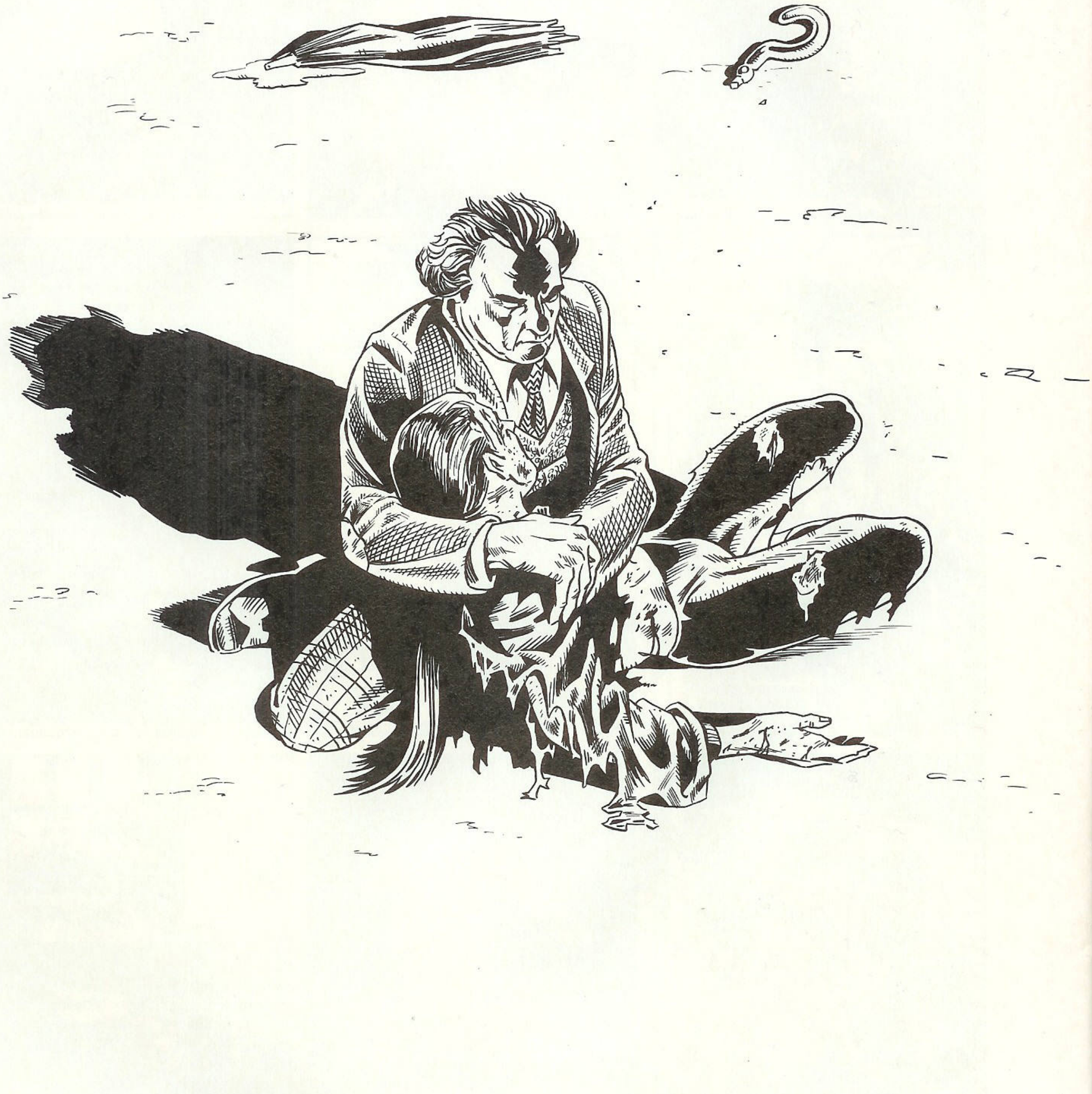

ACE, I'M STILL CAUGHT! **ACE!**
HANG ON!
HEY, **DIRT-BALLS!** GET AWAY FROM PERI! GO EAT A CARPET OR SOMETHING!
ZZZZAKKK!!!
I'VE GOT ONE LAST **BEAUTY TIP** FOR YOU, AND I RECKON YOU NEED–
WICKED.
SUSAN...
WAIT HERE, MY DEAR...
COME OUT COME OUT LITTLE LORD OF TIME COME IN TO THE COLD
DON'T BE SO SHY ON YOUR LAST DAY OF LIFE
I BELIEVE YOU HAVE THAT **BACKWARDS.**
BUT IF YOU FIND THIS PLACE **COLD...**


...PERHAPS A TRIP INTO THE CENTRE OF TAU CETI WILL EASE THE CHILL!
ZZAKKKK!!
Noooooo
ALRIGHT! SHARP NEW TOY, DOCTOR!
I'M GLAD YOU APPROVE, ACE. I APPROPRIATED IT FROM A GROUP CALLED THE THRESHOLD...
A YOUNG MAN NAMED ISAAC LET ME BORROW IT.
YOU GOT THAT MUCH RIGHT, DOCTOR.
AND WHAT UNCLE ISAAC GIVETH...
HE CAN TAKETH AWAY.
ZZ-SHKOW!
AARGGH!
DOCTOR!
Ace
Lost lost lost our brother is gone
Three were needed for the shattering of the dreamers
No strength to crush them
But still enough to kill the Timelord
C-CAN'T... MOVE... ACE... GET AWAY...
AND LEAVE YOU? NOT MY STYLE, DOCTOR - OR YOURS...
Ace


SO LET'S GET TO IT, YOU SCUMBAGS!
OPEN WIDE, HANDSOME!
SHHLLK!
NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE— THAT'S MY BEST FRIEND'S BROLL—
KRACK!
AACCKKK!
STUPIDLITTLE GIRLWHOAREYOU TOMOCKUS
WEARE NIGHTMARE ETERNAL
WEARETHELOBRI
YOUDONOT EVENKNOW WHEREYOU ARE
UNNGH—
WR-WRONG, CHUM... I-I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE I AM...
NO...
SSSSS
I'M AT GROUND ZERO...


...AND SO ARE YOU.
KA-
CHOOM!!!..
NONONONONO
IAMBUTONE
BUTSTILLTHE STRENGTHISLEFT TOLEAVETHISCAGE
IGOTOYOUR PRECIOUSLITTLE WORLDTIMELORD
ANDISHALLDINE SOVERYVERYWELL
ACE...
ACE!
IS...IS THERE A DOCTOR... HANDY..?


LIKE YOU SAID... GOTTA WORK ON THOSE ...TIMERS...
DON'T TALK. LET ME LOOK AT YOU. I THINK...
I...I THINK...
'SGETTING COLD... PROFESSOR...
TIME OF THE YEAR. WE'LL...
WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE WARMER NEXT TIME.
YEAH...
PROFESSOR... WE DID GOOD... DIDN'T WE?
YES, ACE.
WE DID GOOD.



TO BE CONCLUDED...

Timelines

compiled by Scott Gray

Send your letters to
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Doctor Who Magazine
Marvel Comics
Panini House
Coach and Horses Passage
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Tunbridge Wells
Kent TN2 5UJ
or e-mail us at
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JON PERTWEE 1919-1996

Following the news of Jon Pertwee's death, Timelines *was flooded with tributes to Jon from readers. Presented here are some of the letters we received.*

I am only ten years old and partially sighted but I buy **DWM** every month. Sometimes the printing is a bit small for me but mostly I manage. I enjoy your mag very much.

I am writing to say how very sad I am that my favourite Doctor Who, Jon Pertwee, has died. He was very kind to me and wrote to me and sent a huge photo when I was in hospital three years ago. Also, when my mum took me to Manopticon III in 1994, Jon invited us up to hospitality to meet him. I had my photo taken with him and we sat chatting together for over fifteen minutes. He always had time for his fans and he really seemed to enjoy himself at conventions.

I know I am not alone in saying that he will be greatly missed, but he will never be forgotten.

Kyle Barghout
Idle,
Bradford.

The sudden death of Jon Pertwee on Monday May 20th came as a terrible shock. I think we all expected him to bound into his nineties or perhaps even live forever.

Our sympathy must be with Ingeborg, Sean and Dariel at this time. Many people will miss the amazing, charismatic charm of a man who always seemed to have time for you. I first met Jon Pertwee at the age of ten after a performance of *Irene* in London in 1976. Resplendent in his motorcycle gear, he towered above me like a giant and gave me an alarming 'Pertwee stare' upon learning that I was, of course, his biggest fan as the best Doctor of them all.

Over the years I saw him at conventions and most recently in his one-man show in 1994. I cannot think of anybody that gave so much in a performance. He didn't need to come to conventions in full costume – in fact, he didn't need to come to conventions at all, but the fact is he was 100% committed to his fans. Perhaps Jon should have reached greater heights than he did, and maybe that was down to typecasting after *Doctor Who*, but instead of being bitter, he was the show's finest ambassador.

Let us not forget that *Doctor Who* was only a tiny part of his vast career in radio, film and television. Anybody who has read *Moon Boots and Dinner Suits* will know what an amazing and rich life he led.

Seldom can the death of somebody in the public eye have touched so many people so personally and so deeply. Jon Pertwee was a major influence on my life from the age of four. As I turn thirty, I cannot help thinking that from now on the world will be a slightly duller place.

David Sargent
London.

I was born on the 25th November 1963 – so I suppose you could say that I literally grew up with *Doctor Who*. Although I do have vague black-and-white memories of Patrick Troughton, I became a regular viewer (and fan) of the programme during Jon Pertwee's reign. For me, and millions of others of my generation, Jon Pertwee will always be 'The Doctor'. It is for this reason that I was very upset today when I learned of his death.

In thirty-three years, eight actors have portrayed the Doctor on television and each one has been, in his own way, unique. And yet, for some reason, Jon Pertwee seemed to outlive all of them. From the moment he donned his black opera cape and ruffled shirt, Jon probably did more to promote the programme than either of his predecessors or any of those who came after him. Apart from the regular convention appearances, he was playing the Doctor almost until the very end; re-creating the character for the radio and making a young fan's dream come true on *Surprise, Surprise*. That he was still being asked to reprise the role twenty-two years after he left the programme proves the strength of his original portrayal and the degree with which the British public continued to associate him with the role.

I have many fond memories of *Doctor Who*, but perhaps the best ones are from that period between 1970 and 1974 when, along with Katy Manning, Nicholas Courtney and Roger Delgado, Jon Pertwee brought to the programme a sense of style, sophistication and excitement it has never quite been able to recapture.

Goodbye, Jon. Thanks for everything. We'll all miss you.

Chris Drake
Grimsby,
North East Lincs.

With the death of Jon Pertwee, this country has lost one of its most talented and versatile performers. Whether in TV, radio, theatre or film, he brought a dynamic energy to all the roles he played. The Doctor and Worzel Gummidge had, like the man himself, a sort of ageless immortality which made the news of Jon's death all the more shocking. Jon was a man of action, a man with a love of technology, gadgets and excitement, and so the Doctor took on these characteristics as well. Season Seven is one of the most consistently excellent in the show's history, *Inferno* being one of the best stories of all time. Even two decades after leaving the show, he was always willing to act as *Doctor Who*'s ambassador, attending conventions, signings and making innumerable guest appearances – nearly always in costume – and in this capacity he was the best the show could ever have. At conventions he delighted and entertained thousands of fans with his humour and anecdotes. A true showman, he really knew how to play off an audience. Just meeting him briefly felt like being reacquainted with an old friend. Now he is gone, leaving behind a legacy of nearly sixty years as an all-round entertainer. He will be sorely missed.

Carl Press
Stretford,
Manchester.

It was a shock to find out the sad news, especially as only in February, myself and 200 others had spent a hilarious *Evening with Jon Pertwee*, which formed part of the Leicester Comedy Festival. Tales of a short-sighted Jean Marsh and nearly getting killed in the war delighted an audience which truly did range from eight to eighty. Not one person left without a smile; Jon was in great form. There are many things you can say about Jon Pertwee, but probably the truest was that when he walked into a room, he brightened it. For many fans and fellow actors, something will be missing from now on. Thanks, Jon, for giving us so much pleasure down the years.

Daniel Clements
Wigston Magna,
Leicester.

I'd like to add my voice to the many mourning the loss of Jon Pertwee. I was lucky enough to meet him on a couple of occasions over the last eight months, and found him to be a thoroughly entertaining and friendly man to spend time with.

Our last meeting was at his home to conduct this issue's *Out of the TARDIS*. Jon enjoyed the experience hugely, delighting in the chance to regale me with stories not directly related to *Doctor Who* for a change. The interview was supposed to take just under an hour; I ended up leaving after two-and-a-half very enjoyable hours, such was Jon's enthusiasm. It is therefore fitting that we are able to extend the presentation of the feature this issue to include the many stories Jon had to offer – many of them unrelated to the questions!

Perhaps my lasting memory of Jon is our final exchange. On hearing my complaints about the distance I have to travel to work, Jon brushed them aside with customary frankness. "Get yourself a motor bike. You'll be there in no time," he advised. "I can't ride one," I explained. "Well, LEARN!" he boomed. The thought of me on a motor bike is completely out of the question, but it demonstrates Jon's matter-of-fact approach to life that he brushed aside my moans with a practical solution!

I am honoured to have spent some little time in his company. He gave millions pleasure, and for those two hours I was myself entertained by *the* Jon Pertwee.

We have all lost a great man.

Paul Vyse
Marvel Comics

Timelines extra

DWM received over 600 letters on the *Doctor Who* TV Movie, with your overall verdict being around 90% for and 10% against the series' new look. But whether you loved it or loathed it, *everyone* seems united on one element of the production: Paul McGann *is* the Doctor . . .

What a success! As a longtime American *Doctor Who* fan, I had many reservations that the newest incarnation of our favourite programme would be a pale imitation of the past, yet they have pulled it off! Watching last night's return of *Doctor Who* on Fox was an experience I shall always remember. What a joy and relief to see that the magic and spirit of *Doctor Who* remains as potent and exciting as ever!

Paul McGann's charming, dramatic and witty portrayal of the Eighth Doctor was near-perfect; Geoffrey Sax's directing was exceptional and energetic; Matthew Jacobs provided a script teeming with references to the cherished past (sonic screwdriver, Skaro, Tom Baker's scarf) and to newfound revelations (the Doctor half-human? And romantically inclined?). Philip Segal's dedication towards the preservation of continuity was clearly evident, although some questions remain unanswered: how did the Eye of Harmony end up in the TARDIS? And how did the Master end up on trial on Skaro?

The special effects were terrific, the TARDIS interior a breathtaking sight, and . . . well, I could go on and on, but let's hope now that enough fans tuned in to ensure the return of *Doctor Who*, in series form, this Fall from Fox. After experiencing the success of the new movie, I feel confident that *Doctor Who* as a new series would be a hit; even my wife liked it!

Keep up the great work!

Mark Parmerter
New York,
USA.

I was taken aback from the word go. It is stunning! The music did not disappoint (far from it, in fact). The effects were astounding, but most of all, Paul McGann was brilliant!

I was lucky enough to attend the BAFTA press screening on Monday 13th May where I had the privilege of meeting Sylvester McCoy and Paul McGann. Everyone around me (most of them not 'fans' like myself) seemed to enjoy the film and on the whole were giving it praise. Praise is what it deserves. It is fresh, humorous, exciting, touching and still contains elements that are only *Doctor Who*. Time has meant a regeneration for the Doctor, and no one who loves the show should complain about what it has brought us. Anyone can find criticisms with the new film – I have them myself, but then again I can criticise *The Daleks* and *Survival*. We must enjoy what we have got and thank those responsible.

I did miss Anthony Ainley but Eric Roberts brought his own 'evilness' to the part. Daphne Ashbrook is excellent as Dr Holloway, and, of course, Paul McGann shines as the Doctor.

I pray that this is successful and a series develops because it certainly deserves one, and the show could become so much better (almost hard to believe!). So come on, everyone, no moaning! Give it the credit it deserves.

PS. There's nothing wrong with the kisses. They were really quite touching!

Matthew Maisty
Ipswich,
Suffolk.

A few lines to say a big thank you for giving me the opportunity to see the showing of the new *Doctor Who* at BAFTA.

Well, what can I say?! I have to admit to being a little apprehensive whilst waiting for the show to start – after years of waiting I was concerned that I was going to be let down (remember *Dimensions in Time*?).

Whilst the format and style were obviously very different, I thoroughly enjoyed it. I feel that Sylvester's input helped greatly and that Paul McGann, given the chance, will prove an excellent Doctor.

As for the new TARDIS design, well I would have liked some explanation as to why it was so different – I know we diehard fans know that the TARDIS is capable of such a transformation but it would have been nice to have it clarified. I have just read the novel of the movie and it was explained very nicely there – I feel that this could have been woven into the screenplay.

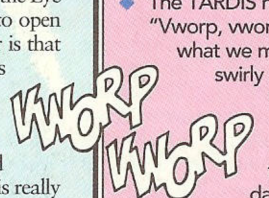
The humour of the original ('Classic *Who*'?) series was still there – the scenes with Chang Lee entering the TARDIS for the first time and the wonderful bit with the cop on the bike were great.

The only thing that I thought was completely unnecessary was the 'half-human' affair. Why? I know it was linked in to the Eye needing someone of human ancestry to open it, but the whole beauty of the Doctor is that he is so alien – this revelation tarnishes this.

Also, since when has the Chameleon Circuit been described as a 'Cloaking Device' – do we get to find out in a future story that the TARDIS is really a Klingon Bird of Prey?

On the whole, it was great to see the Doctor back. The story was well worth the wait and certainly lived up to all the hype.

Steve Rose
East Croydon,
Surrey.



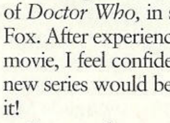
Yesterday morning I bought the new *Doctor Who* video from HMV (They gave me a free badge – such nice people) and I rushed home to watch the new show with my friend who is a casual fan. We were not to be disappointed with the purchase as we both thought that it was superb.

The sets were just amazing and equally the special effects, but what makes *Doctor Who* is a good story, and that is exactly what we were served up by Philip Segal and his team. The acting also was excellent; Grace was good and we loved Eric Roberts as the Master – he was wonderfully evil. Sylvester bowed out well, but the show was stolen by Paul McGann and rightly so.

The new Doctor had some good elements to him; I loved the bit about the shoes, and to have the jelly babies back was a nice touch. What really surprised me was 'The Kiss' since, like everyone else, for me the Doctor had always been asexual. But with the new Doctor it would not have felt right if he *hadn't* kissed Grace. Also, the Doctor being half-human had had me worried when I first thought about it, but really it doesn't make any difference as he is still the same character that we all know and love.

The only niggle I have with this new production is that some of the music, notably the romantic piano-ey stuff, was US daytime soap material, but that really is nothing to be bothered about.

Daniel Tate
e-mail: ee0u303f@Liverpool.ac.uk



"I thought the film was excellent. *Doctor Who* had to adapt if it was going to survive. It kept all the best aspects of the original series and added new ones. Paul McGann's performance was excellent, but the fellow who very nearly stole the show was Eric Roberts as the Master; he was evil but witty as well. The humour was very British. I can see it being a hit."

Noel Warren
***DWM* Premiere ticket winner**

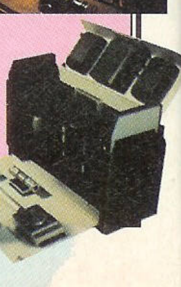
JUST SO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE WATCHING . . .

Funnily enough, a few months ago many *Doctor Who* fans were worried that the TV Movie wouldn't connect properly with the twenty-six years of established *Doctor Who* continuity.

In the finished product, of course, the production team even went so far as to dub the word "thirteen" over the bit where the new Doctor originally said, "Grace, I have twelve lives."

As those in charge seem to think we really care about this sort of thing, we thought we should pay due tribute to their efforts – so here's that continuity checklist in full . . .

- The planet Skaro is inhabited by Daleks.
- Time Lords have thirteen lives and come from the planet Gallifrey in the constellation of Kasterborous, which has a 'Rassilon Era'.
- The Master is a rival Time Lord who has used up all his regenerations.
- The Doctor has reached his seventh life, has two hearts, strange blood, is sometimes known as 'John Smith' , knows Leonardo da Vinci, has a 500/900-year diary and eats jelly babies.
- The TARDIS has a six-sided console, goes "Vworp, vworp" when it lands (you know what we mean), and is decorated with a swirly symbol which is recognisably the Seal of Rassilon. It has a Cloister Room with a bell which tolls in times of danger. TARDIS stands for "Time and Relative Dimension In Space". The door key is a distinctive ankh-shape. Gallifreyan technology includes a power source called the Eye of Harmony, a familiar tool kit and the sonic screwdriver.
- Oh, and don't forget the long scarf, the yo-yo and the gold dust . . .



"When *Batman Forever* came out I watched it and thought it was all well and good, but at the end of the day the story was very thin. The new *Doctor Who* was the same – it had lots of nice gags, lots of nice touches, but it left me feeling very empty. There wasn't much of a story – it was nice to look at. I'm not sure that many people will like it. I came with my reservations and I think they've been justified."

Robert John Preston
***DWM** Premiere ticket winner*

As an 'oldie', I remember the very first Hartnell episode and I have remained faithful ever since. I didn't think the Americanised version of *Doctor Who* would work. I thought they would turn it into a noisy display of sex and violence and I cursed Alan Yentob in every language possible for letting our beloved Doctor fall into their hands, but I have to humbly say that I was wrong.

I was impressed beyond all expectations. The portrayal of the Doctor by the incredibly attractive Paul McGann was superb. The surroundings may have changed, but apart from 'The Kiss', which was tastefully handled I might add, he was the same old Doctor. I did shed a tear, though, at our last glimpse of Sylvester McCoy's unforgettable Seventh Doctor.

It was the passing of an era. My only hope now is that this is the beginning of a new one for the good Doctor.

Shirley Hirst
Idle,
Bradford.

My reservations about 'American *Who*' were largely overcome by the production team's sympathetic approach to the programme's rich past. However, in one respect the TV movie has fundamentally distorted and misrepresented the BBC series, in claiming that the Doctor is "half-human". This re-writing of the central character's physiology is not only unnecessary to the plot, it also detracts from his alien, enigmatic qualities. Is this the same mysterious traveller who once intoned: "The Earth isn't my home, Sarah. I'm a Time Lord. You don't understand the implications. I'm not a human being"?

David Shaw
Lightwood,
Stoke-on-Trent.

What brought me upright with a horrified gasp was the suggestion that the Doctor is "half-human." But as a wise Doctor once said, "The important thing is to keep an open mind." So I thought about it. Perhaps that would explain why his first incarnation appears to have only one heart – maybe he didn't fully enter into the Time Lord portion of his inheritance until his first regeneration. Maybe that is why he allowed (in fact insisted) Susan to remain on Earth and (presumably) get married. Perhaps he was aware that she still retained a strong human inheritance and could enjoy a happy married life. It would also explain his rather strong preference for Earth in his adventures. For that matter, perhaps the reason why the Doctor's regenerations always seem difficult (especially when other Time Lords, such as Romana, seem to do it with no problem) is that he isn't pure Time Lord stock. His human inheritance could also be the secret that Lady Peinforte hinted at in *Silver Nemesis*. Her suggestion was that he wasn't only a Time Lord – did she know of his human ancestry? An ancestry that could be in danger if the Doctor's enemies were to learn of it? Then there is the Doctor's speech to Billy in *Delta and the Bannermen*. When he spoke of "species-crossing" there seemed to be a hint of personal tragedy connected with that – perhaps other siblings had "dreadful mutations"? Finally, in *Survival*, when he transports himself "home", I had assumed it was the TARDIS he was returning to, but perhaps it was also Earth itself, because of his human side.

In short, although I had never considered it before, the concept of the Doctor being partly human actually makes some sense. And, like any decent revelation, it also creates some more mystery. Who are his human ancestors? How did his parents meet? When? Perhaps this wasn't what was originally intended in "re-establishing the mystery of the Doctor", but it will do. The field for speculation is wide open.

Christopher F Baum
Newcastle.

The Doctor's romance with Grace was positively magical. The Doctor has always been a romantic, he's just never gotten involved with anyone before. McGann's Doctor being the romantic child, as it were, makes him quite a unique hero in today's televised science fiction. If, many moons ago, someone had told you that in a post-regenerative fit the Doctor would try to strangle the life out of his young female companion, it is entirely possible that you would have found this unacceptable. Now it is established history. Is it less easy to accept that during a post-regenerative fit the Doctor might try to (shudder) *kiss* his young female companion? In the words of fellow Texan Joe-Bob Briggs, "I'm surprised that I have to explain this stuff to you people."

Ross L Ruediger
Texas,
USA.

Not only has the Doctor regenerated, but we have a totally regenerated programme. What a transformation! Technology and a bigger budget made a huge difference.

The TARDIS interior is superb. Not too sure about the actual console itself, but maybe that helps to accentuate his half-human Earthly connections. We now know something about the Doctor's past. He has family memories, but it doesn't take away any of the mystery surrounding this eccentric traveller.

Paul McGann fits the role perfectly, although his character didn't really have time to show through properly. But with a full series, the development would be very interesting.

At the beginning I wasn't at all sure that I would take to all the changes that the TARDIS and the Doctor had undergone, but when it was finished, I went to bed but couldn't sleep because I was so hyped up. Thanks for a sleepless night, Mr Segal!

The past must be savoured, but this is the future, and an extremely promising one it is too!

David J Rollings
Boston,
Lincs.

So the Master was finally put on trial and sentenced to death on Skaro, was he? Sadly, judging by the voices we hear in the pre-credit sequence, it wasn't the Daleks who eventually got him but the Smurfs.

Terry Hayward,
Southampton,
Hampshire.

HOW MUCH?

Most people know that the TV Movie had a production budget of over US$5 million, but just to prove that **DWM** isn't the sort of magazine that knows the cost of everything but the value of nothing; here's a few other things that can be bought with $5 million. You could, for instance:

- Produce twenty-seven episodes of *Doctor Who* to the average standard of Sylvester McCoy's last BBC season.
- Finance the recording of a three and-a-half minute promotional video for a duet between Janet and Michael Jackson, to the standard of that produced for their recent hit *Scream*.
- Cover the production costs of about ten minutes of a sequel to *Jurassic Park*, maintaining the production values of the original dinosaur hit.

- Fund two more films from the producer/director/writer team behind the recent hit *Trainspotting*.
- Tape a sequel to the unlicensed *Doctor Who* tie-in video *Shakedown: The Return of the Sontarans* with a running time of just short of seven days.
- Commission and pay the advance on the manuscripts for 1,634 *Doctor Who: The New Adventures* novels from established Virgin authors. This would keep the series running for 136 years at the current release rate.
- Have 19,866 pages of the *Doctor Who* comic strip scripted, pencilled, inked and lettered by an established team.

THE NEW ADVENTURES
Doctor Who
RETURN OF THE LIVING DAD
KATE ORMAN
THE DEATH OF ART
SIMON BUCHER-JONES

I should just like to echo what I imagine must be the thoughts of many about the *Doctor Who* TV Movie which has finally struggled into existence. The film was an extremely enjoyable hour-and-a-half, moving along at a cracking pace and making the series *look* better than ever before. Accolades are due in particular to Geoffrey Sax, whose skill continues the tradition of directors such as Waris Hussein, Christopher Barry, Douglas Camfield, David Maloney and Graeme Harper in getting the most vivid images possible out of the resources available. I look forward to seeing Paul McGann in another adventure, one where his character is more fully developed to exploit his potential to its maximum – although I admit that my favourite performance had to be from Daphne Ashbrook.

The superb editing and wonderful incidental music also contributed massively to the overall enjoyment. As on many occasions, the show has re-invented itself successfully – adapting to the new demands of entertainment, rewriting its myths and presenting a fresh and different approach while remaining essentially recognisable.

Although I found more to like than dislike in the movie, I am concerned that its target audience was ill-defined. BBC Video's desire for a 12 certificate and the imaginative layout of the Marvel **Movie Special** suggested a product tailored for the traditional family audience, yet it was given an adult schedule by BBC1, even in its neutered form with the supposedly violent material removed. It was almost as if nobody knew who this was intended for – the casual British viewer, the new Stateside market, the now grown-up devotee or the eager youngster just discovering the sci-fi world. I hope there was something there for all of them – I know there was for me – but clearly if *Doctor Who* is to survive in this new form, some fine-tuning is still necessary.

Andrew Pixley
Nottingham.

"Against everything I've been expecting, I thought it was stunning. the film was entertaining, it was funny, and it had the best eight minutes Sylvester's done. I thought he was brilliant and I would have liked to have seen ninety minutes of him as the Doctor. Paul McGann was great but, for me, he could never top Sylvester.

"With their American background and American budget, the special effects were everything I would have liked to have done on the show myself. Give BBC Visual Effects £3 million and see what they can do!"

Mike Tucker
BBC Visual Effects designer and author

The film was a god-awful mess. It was slickly directed, fast-paced and well acted, but as for the rest . . . "a transatlantic muddle" would be putting it mildly.

It was the script that was mostly to blame. It simply didn't make sense. Okay, I didn't expect it to make sense in *Doctor Who* terms, but it should at least have been consistent within itself. Did anybody follow the logic of that ending?

It seemed like every American film cliché of the last ten years had been thrown in to liven it up. *Doctor Who* has always been derivative, but not to this extent. *Blade Runner*, *Point Break*, *Highlander*, you name it. It even had a few minutes of *ER* thrown in at the start. Only occasionally did it feel anything like *Doctor Who.*

The film seemed to be pulling in two different directions. Philip Segal may deny it, but the tension between the 'Britishness' and 'Americanness' was very apparent. And it was the British elements that worked best – the humour and the *Who*ish eccentricities. The action set-pieces, by contrast, were dull and predictable. Even the Americanised special effects were somewhat tacky. That vortex title sequence was more like a cartoon than the McCoy era one – an uneasy mix of *Star Trek TNG* credits and old-style *Doctor Who*, somehow managing to be less impressive than either.

The worst part of the film, though, was the *pre*-credit sequence. There can be nothing more off-putting to a casual viewer than that kind of overblown continuity-obsessed gibberish. I wouldn't blame them if they switched off in droves. It's a basic tenet of all drama that you *show* rather than *tell*. People as experienced as Segal and Jacobs should know that.

The film was not all bad. The TARDIS interior looked impressive. I liked the Master's propensity to correct grammar. And the motor bike zooming in and out of the TARDIS had me in hysterics. But by far the best thing about the whole production was Paul McGann himself. He has made a dazzling debut: eccentric, witty, off-beat. The early scenes between him and Daphne Ashbrook were the real highlight of the film. He has the potential to be a really great Doctor – possibly the best since Our Tom. It almost brought a lump to my throat, seeing him in the TARDIS at the end as it drifted into the vortex.

If *Doctor Who* goes to a series – and I hope it will – then it should abandon this pointless flirtation with America. I don't mind American actors or locations, but adopting an American *style*, as this film has largely done, will end up satisfying nobody – least of all Americans themselves. Nor will such obsessive concern with continuity interest anyone but us fans. The background to the series isn't that important. In fact it gets in the way. The

Doctor is a wanderer. He gets involved in *other people's* problems. I don't think they should ever get involved in *his*.

It's great to have him back, though. Long live the Eighth Doctor!

Michael Dax
Reading,
Berkshire.

I can't think of a more fitting tribute to the late Jon Pertwee than the *Doctor Who* TV Movie.

Paul McGann was the greatest thing about the film. I'd say he was the best Doctor yet, but I've said that about every regeneration. At least now the Doctor has sex appeal, and as a female fan, I can honestly say it's about time. Putting aside his looks, McGann's Doctor managed to be wildly eccentric, vulnerable, loveable and powerful all in one, and I was hooked the moment he appeared on screen.

All credit should go to Sylvester McCoy who, despite only having a handful of lines, managed to put more into his Doctor than was ever seen in the series. I ended up feeling quite sad that he would never play the role again.

Daphne Ashbrook seemed to be having the time of her life as Grace, and Eric Roberts was wonderfully evil without being OTT. He actually gave me the creeps, something the Master never quite managed in the past.

The TARDIS exterior was the only real letdown, looking far too bright and blue – the old battered version from the series was much better. The interior more than made up for that, though – the console room was probably the second greatest thing about the movie.

As for 'The Kiss', it was brilliantly handled and so natural, I began to wonder why the Doctor hadn't had a love interest sooner. It gave him a very human dimension, which is a welcome change from the distant, alien figure Sylvester portrayed.

It was worth the seven-year wait. Change the theme music, keep the budget, and I think we've got a series in the making.

Gillian Lyne
Romiley,
Stockport.

"It raises a lot of questions for the fans to ponder. How did the Doctor get to Skaro without being exterminated, for example? Paul McGann is already my second favourite Doctor. Eric Roberts was good and scary, but its a shame that they couldn't get Anthony Ainley in for the first scene, considering that they got Sylvester for such a little bit."

Jenny Rich
***DWM** Premiere ticket winner*

Just watched the *Doctor Who* TV Movie and I must say that I thought the Daleks were being a bit hypocritical, putting the Master on trial for *his* crimes. Still, the little pepperpots must have mellowed to be bothering with a trial at all.

I think there should have been a scene where the Daleks phone Gallifrey and say: "'Ere, we've got this dead Time Lord. Can you send over the Doc to pick him up? We'll leave him in a bin bag by the gate."

By the way, does anyone know why the Doctor has got the Bat-cave inside his TARDIS?

Stephen Allen
Astley,
Manchester.

At last *Doctor Who* on television achieves its potential! I became a fan through reading the Target novelisations as a child. I didn't watch it on TV much, although I have strong memories of being terrified by Tom Baker's face appearing out of nowhere in the title sequence. For me, the appeal was the sense of wonder at the sheer diversity of life in the universe that the books evoked.

Over the past few years I've seen a few of my favourite stories in their original form and been a little disappointed. Vortis is made of cardboard. The Axons aren't half as scary as I'd imagined. The Daleks wobble around, trying desperately to be malevolent. And K9 goes so damn slowly! Some things work better in your head than on the small screen.

This new movie, with its big budget and the obvious enthusiasm of its creative team, takes the *idea* of *Doctor Who* and realises it on a much more awesome scale than the BBC ever managed. No rubber snakes for the morphing Master here. The TARDIS interior is as gigantic and cluttered as it should be, with an impressive open ceiling and astounding view of the universe. Somebody has put a lot of thought into this new design, and it shows. It's about time the *Doctor Who* audience got a product of this quality to watch.

If there is no new series, then it won't be any bad thing. *Doctor Who* has reached a particularly high point. Paul McGann, Daphne Ashbrook and Eric Roberts should feel proud of being in a really interesting television adventure for the 1990s. Thank you, Philip Segal, Geoffrey Sax, Jo Wright and everybody else involved for a very entertaining film. And if there is a new series then I look forward to it eagerly.

James Cuin
Derby.

Paul McGann's performance delighted me. He brought an exciting new energy, intensity and intelligence to the character, while still reminding me of Tom Baker at his most 'otherworldly' and 'brown velvety', and Patrick Troughton at his most mixed-up.

The guest stars were equally impressive. Daphne Ashbrook was excellent, not to mention enchanting, and a perfect foil for McGann. Eric Roberts' performance was both hilarious and sinister. Sylvester was wonderful. I was very moved by his performance. It was rather like watching *Casualty*, because I knew a grisly fate awaited him. I almost couldn't bear to see him carefully stow away the Master's remains, sit back in his favourite armchair to read and listen to music. He should have been this dapper, time-worn connoisseur back in the 1980s. *Remembrance*, *Fenric* and *Ghostlight* highlight Sylvester at his most impressive, but when I think of his three years *en masse*, I only ever bring to mind the depressing aspic of OB video and chronic under-funding. It struck me that I had never seen him step out of the TARDIS *on film* before. After this, I wanted to see McCoy carry on. Unlike the BBC, who couldn't wait to get rid of him.

I could not fault the production values. From the stylish and innovative regeneration to the TARDIS flying through space; from the storm erupting over San Francisco to the breathtaking TARDIS interiors, I never believed the show could look and sound so good.

I found the pace arresting and exciting. I was also frequently amused by the humour, that "essential quirky Englishness" which people keep harping on about: for example, the Doctor rushing about with a mortuary tag still tied to his toe, or the motorcycle cop zooming into the TARDIS, and out again a few seconds later.

Such a pity then that the story itself was such an unmitigated stream of puke and excrement. I accept the fact that a complex story had to be junked in order to introduce the 'concept' to the USA. I also accept the need for constant exposition. But this script was far too clumsy: "Yes, my ship, the TARDIS. T-A-R-D-I-S. It stands for Time and Relative Dimension in Space. It's a time machine. I travel through time, you know . . ." etc. This is alarming. The original TV series succeeded through the charm of its inventive script-writing. It could never compete with Hollywood production values. Isn't it obvious that fantastic effects must be equated with exemplary storytelling? With a multi-million budget, was it too much to hope that we could have had both?

Sorry to appear so detractive. I was mostly impressed by the film, but the scripting *must* improve.

Simon Harries
Dartford,
Kent.

◆

Illustration by
Adrian Salmo

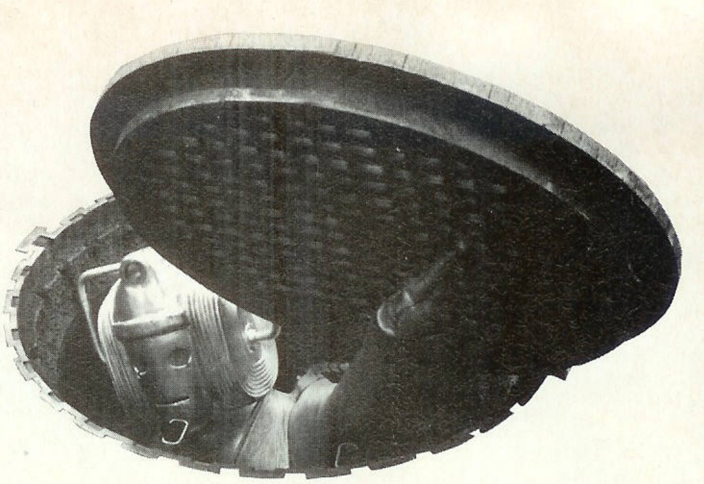
Invasion plans

Chris D'Oyly-John had a variety of behind-the-scenes roles on *Doctor Who*. As a production manager he worked on many of the most memorable Jon Pertwee serials. In a two-part interview, he speaks to **Peter Griffiths** about *Doctor Who*'s often troubled production.

"I worked on *Doctor Who* a fair amount, actually," muses Chris D'Oyly-John, leafing through his bulging production scrapbook. That's quite an understatement, given that he served in three different capacities over fifteen stories and eleven years, but then that's the man: modest, warmly welcoming and possessed of an astonishingly detailed memory.

"In 1960 I started as a student stage manager in weekly rep, which sadly no longer exists. I graduated to stage manager and spent a year-and-a-half with a company called the Penguin Players in Eastbourne.

"I said to Dougie, 'The Cybermen should be placed against an instantly recognisable bastion of London.'"



I'd originally wanted to work at the BBC, and when I managed to get an interview there, they asked me why I wanted to move from theatre to television. I said, 'I wrote to you when I left school two years ago, and you said I should get two years' theatre experience and then write again. So here I am!' I'm sure it sounded very cheeky, but it got me a three-month contract. After two-and-a-half years I became a permanent member of staff in Drama Serials at Threshold House in Shepherds Bush, which was just opposite the rehearsal rooms for *Doctor Who*. I think it's now a community centre, but at that time the Bulwer Road building was regularly hired by the BBC."

Early in 1966 cast and crew assembled at Bulwer Road to begin rehearsals for the First Doctor serial *The Ark*. "At that time Bill Hartnell had a fairly well-known reputation for being difficult, particularly so with young, inexperienced AFMs – which is what I was," recalls Chris. "It was the assistant floor manager's job to get people like Bill and Peter Purves to the set. You had to organise the rehearsal schedule, mark up the floor to represent the sets, and then prompt. You also had to order props, and where they were very specific, you liaised with special effects. The AFM was a dogsbody, taking the phone calls, taking the blame for what went wrong, and listening to all of Hartnell's complaints!

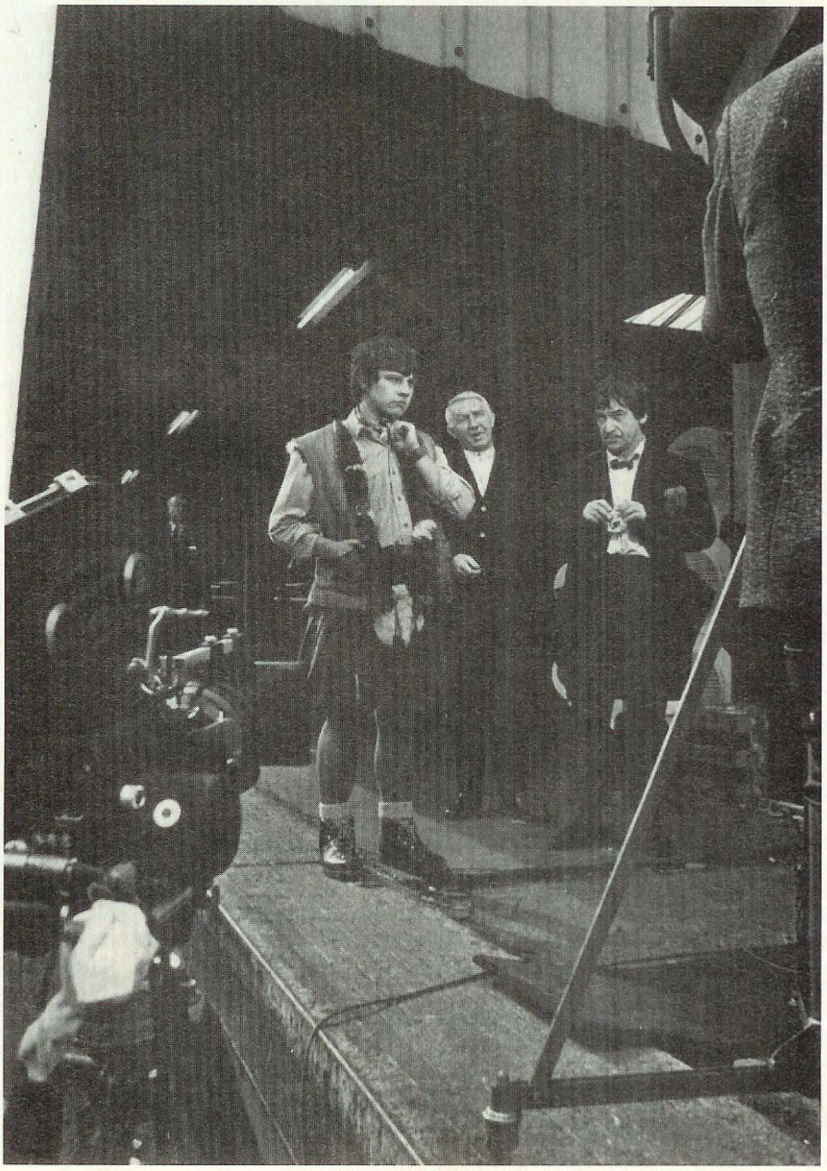
"Bill was always going on about how he was being put upon and how he wasn't having any more of it, and he was going to talk to the Head of Drama. I kept egging him on. I said, 'Yeah, you're right. You are being put upon. You must go and talk to him.' It was only a short distance up the road, but he never actually did it. Bill was fairly cantankerous, let's be honest. Lovely with it, and very believable on screen, but what a pain! You couldn't win when you prompted him. If you came in too quickly, it was 'Give me time!', and if you left it, it was 'Come on, come on, where's the prompt?' He was very much the old actor-manager type, and if he got up on the wrong side of bed, that was it! I got on quite well with Peter Purves, though, and had quite a few good times with him.

"John Wiles, the producer, was comparatively forward-thinking. He was smashing, very much into scripts. The director, Michael Imison, had also come from a scripting background. He was an efficient man. We did these particular episodes down at Riverside Studios, which is now a drama centre. In those days, *Doctor Who* was done on a fairly restricted schedule, one episode per week. You had one studio day with an hour-and-a-quarter of recording and a half-day filming down at Ealing studios. After a long, full day we would repair to what was known as 'Studio Four' – the Chancellors' pub across the road."

The Ark featured some ambitious elements, perhaps the most problematic being a hired elephant. "The opening sequences of the story contained the elephant, a python, some semi-tropical birds and various other animals which they could afford for one afternoon at Ealing. I'm sure the elephant did what elephants normally do somewhere along the line! This big, long tracking shot with the TARDIS materialising at the end of it looked very good, with lots of dry ice and smoke. I remember the Monoids' eyes were basically a ping-pong ball, with a Beatles haircut across the top to disguise it. The actors had to move the eye about with their tongues, and they were voiced off-screen by Roy Skelton, one of the most famous voice men of the time."

Chris wasn't very popular at one point during recording. "I recall we were getting very behind on one of the studio days. I had no experience of driving the little scenery trucks which they were using as props in the show, but there was no one around to move one which was in the way, so I got behind the wheel. I promptly put the thing into reverse and collided with some scenery! The truck stopped, thank God, so it wasn't too dented."

Promoted, Chris returned to the show a little over a year later. "As far as I remember, the next one I worked on was the first I ever did as a production assistant, nowadays called a production manager. The job was a combination of location manager, first assistant to the director and floor manager, really. John Davies was directing, and the story was called *The Macra Terror*: we had a lot of fun making it. Gerton Klauber



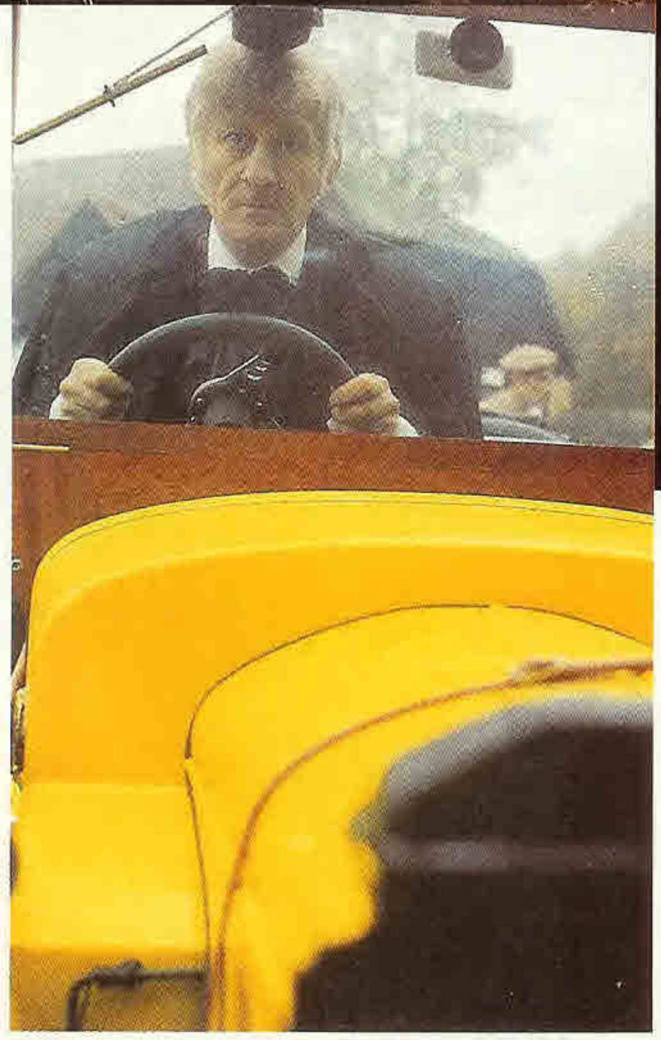
Opposite page:
The Invasion begins!
Photo © BBC Video

Opposite, below:
Dodo (Jackie Lane), the Doctor (William Hartnell) and Steven (Peter Purves) in *The Ark*.
Photo © BBC

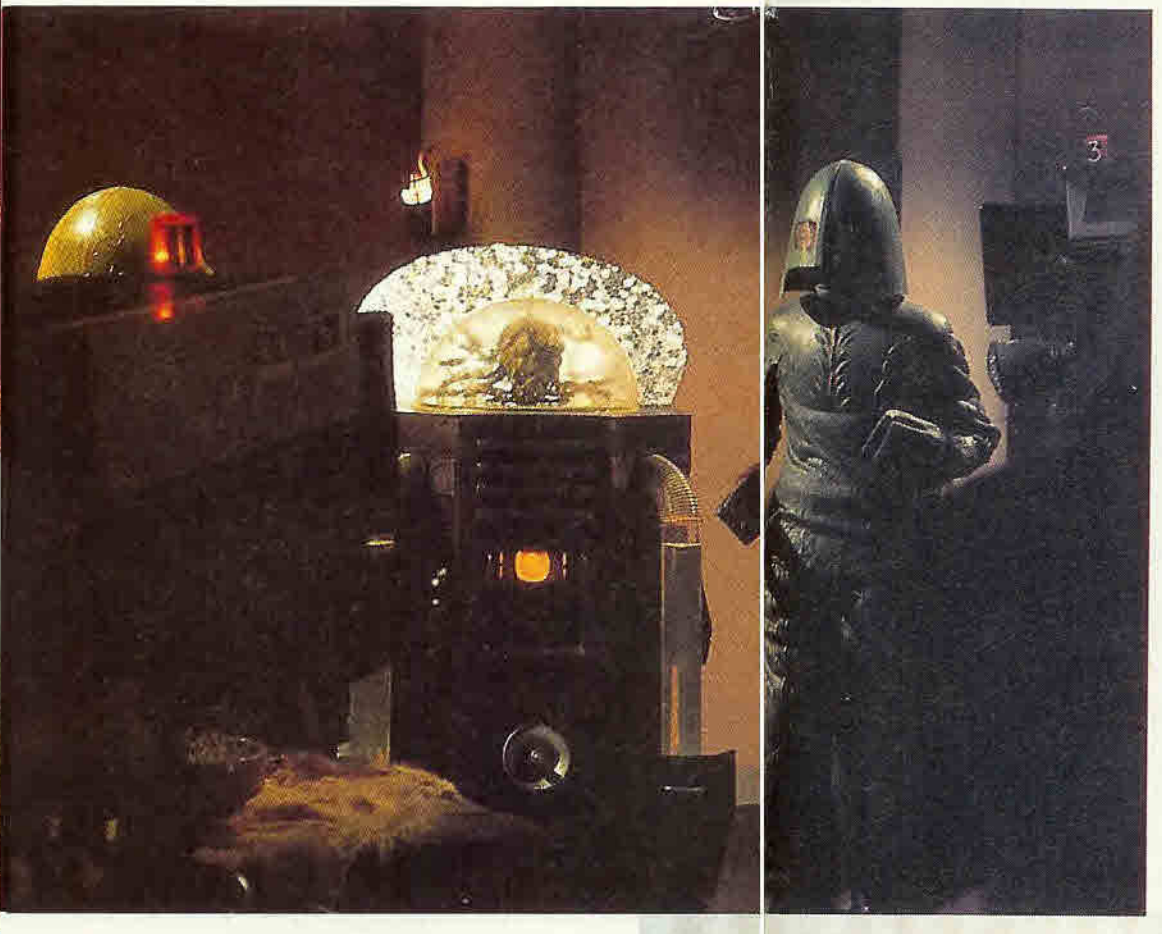
Above:
A Cyberman emerges from hiding in London's sewers as part of *The Invasion*.
Photo © BBC Video

Left:
Frazer Hines, Kevin Stoney and Patrick Troughton filming *The Invasion*.
Photo © BBC Video

Above: The cast of *Doctor Who and the Silurians* enjoy a break from filming.



Right: The Doctor (Jon Pertwee) speeds to the scene . . .



Centre: Cameras line up on Izlyr (Alan Bennion) and Arcturus to record a scene for *The Curse of Peladon*. Photos © BBC Video

Far right: Jon Pertwee and his *Inferno* co-star Walter Randall. Photo © Walter Randall

was playing the baddie and John Davies had a lot of evil fun with him at rehearsal, which I think was at St Helen's rehearsal rooms near Ladbroke Grove. Directors in those days used to show where the camera was with their hands, and John walked as if to zoom tight in on Gerton, but on one occasion he pretended to zoom right past him! He was tremendous fun to work with, and very efficient. I'd previously worked with him on *Z Cars*.

"We had moved on a Doctor to Pat Troughton, who was absolutely smashing to work with. He got more difficult as he went along, digging his heels in at the oddest times about things, but that largely depended on how much respect he had for the professional people around him. They'd previously been on a Jacobite adventure [*The Highlanders*] where they'd acquired Frazer Hines, whom I got on with particularly well. That story stays in my memory from seeing it on the box. Michael Craze I knew quite well as the husband of a very good friend of mine, Edwina, who also worked on a couple of *Doctor Who*s around that time. Innes Lloyd was now the producer, and he was a very different kettle of fish from John Wiles. He was the nearest you would get to a BBC mini-mogul, a smooth English gentleman type.

"I recall one freezing day's filming for *The Macra Terror* in a chalk pit just off the A5 in Bedfordshire, but my main job was to watch what was happening at rehearsal, do the camera plan, oversee the technical run and, in the studio, translate to the floor what John Davies in the gallery wanted. John worked a lot on the floor himself actually, but when it came to recording scenes, he would move upstairs. I also attended any film editing or dubbing which the director couldn't, and I liaised with Brian Hodgson at the Radiophonic Workshop. I used to go up to Maida Vale with specially marked scripts for the sound effects and atmospheres. Brian, who was smashing, could then make up the tapes ready for the studios."

This story marked one of the earliest instances of shot-by-shot videotape editing in *Doctor Who*. "At the end of one of the episodes, the Doctor had to be surrounded by Macra. He turned this way and that, looking down the tunnels, and there was a series of shots of these Macra getting closer. We only had one prop in the studio, so we had to shoot these cutaways individually. To put it together you had to physically cut the tape, redub sound and everything else. We had a three-hour session in a mobile editing suite in the Television Centre car park just for this sequence, but John knew we were in trouble as soon as he saw the editor putting on white gloves. It should have taken about twenty minutes for each of these eight shots, but it took forever."

Chris worked on *Doctor Who* once more before it moved into colour, organising the Douglas Camfield-directed Cybermen epic *The Invasion*. "He was a wonderful director, Dougie, magic. He was ex-military and ran everything like a military operation. He used to talk about 'when the invasion comes' – meaning the Communist invasion. I was extremely left-wing in those days, and he was very right-wing, but we got on famously! There was no doubt about it that Dougie was saying the enemies in this one were black-uniformed fascists. They ran the factory for Kevin Stoney, who was playing the head of International Electromatics, and was an absolute delight as the villain."

The series' production team at the time, Peter Bryant and Derrick Sherwin, made their presence felt upon the show: "They were very hands-on producers and they really moved things along. We did a pilot for a show with Peter Barkworth called *Special Project*, but it never got off the ground. It involved the British Army, the RAF and the Royal Navy, so I think that's how we got hold of a battalion of Coldstream Guards for the battle between UNIT and the Cybermen. We shot it at an area of derelict factory the BBC acquired which is now the Wales Farm Road costume store."

"Jon Pertwee was my stepfather's flatmate in their bachelor days."

The Invasion had the largest amount of location filming allocated to *Doctor Who* up to that point. "It was my first experience of a lot of location work, and I had more time to set up than you would nowadays because I was both location manager and first assistant director. I remember driving back and forth from London in the Morris 1100, which was the BBC car one hired to go on recces. But we had far too much work to do in far too little time. From sixteen days' filming, we worked out we had to do thirty-five set-ups per day, including travel and silly trick shots like the TARDIS materialisation going wrong. It was supposed to materialise all over different parts of a field and then disappear. The first day's filming was a shambles as well. Everybody got lost. The caterers turned up at one part of the airport, we were at another, and we were all meant to rendezvous at a third place. We finished about an hour late, with one or two disgruntled people who hadn't been able to have any breakfast.

"We stayed two or three days on location down in Fairford and then went to a building at Hillingford. We did the sequence with the helicopter rescue from IE on the high, flat roof there. The Guinness factory provided the London end of the IE operation, as they had their own railway line. They also had some marvellous Guinness! I have photos of myself, Sally Faulkner and Wendy Padbury indulging somewhere. Anyway, we got through the location schedule, filming all sorts of stuff on canals and Hercules transport planes, and we had a lot of parties on location and back in London, mostly down the King's Road. Dougie was wonderful on the guitar at these parties late at night."

It was Chris who prompted one of *Doctor Who*'s most enduring images. "I said to Dougie, 'The Cybermen should be placed against an instantly recognisable bastion of London.' He immediately bought it because it worked visually, and I suggested St Paul's. We filmed on a Sunday, with St Paul's in the background and a manhole cover in the foreground. The cover shot straight up in the air and out of it swarmed the Cybermen."

A winter's afternoon last year afforded Chris the opportunity to reappraise *The Invasion*. "Someone from the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society sent me the tape. Episodes One and Four are missing – a shame, since a lot of the initial stuff was good. But it was great fun to watch it again after all those years, and see Wendy and Sally trying to outdo each other with their miniskirts and zany Sixties' fashions. I certainly have very fond memories of that particular show. The producers, Pat, Dougie, they were all wonderful, positive people."

"I don't think Tim Combe was the *greatest* director of all time."

Jon Pertwee's Doctor saw the series into the Seventies; Chris worked alongside the star on his second story, *Doctor Who and the Silurians*. "There was a special relationship between Pertwee and myself because he was my stepfather's flatmate in their bachelor days back in the late Thirties and early Forties. It was very strange working with one of your parents' mates – you felt as if you had to be on your best behaviour! I decided to treat him like any other actor, and ultimately I did enjoy working with him, but he could be quite difficult. Not cantankerous, but difficult in the same way as my stepfather could. Those artistic people from before the war were a slight law unto themselves, rather grand with a bit of conceit mixed in.

"The director was Tim Combe . . . I don't think he was the greatest director of all time, and when the director's not very good, a lot falls on the first assistant. We had a wonderful location cameraman who helped a lot called 'Fascist Fred' Hamilton. He was a lovely bloke, but he took no prisoners! He and I were in tears of laughter about things Tim was doing. I recall we had an interesting day shooting an outbreak of disease on Marylebone Station."

Continuing a trend, ever more raucous parties were held during filming. "We encountered a whole group from Olivetti having a conference at the unit hotel, and that, mixed with our actors and everything else, was a night to remember! The next day there were supposed to be lots of subjective shots of a Silurian plunging through undergrowth, with bits of claw and silhouettes, but because of Tim we were so far behind that the only person we had left who would fit inside this costume was me – with a gallon-size hangover. It was hysterical. Simply getting out of bed, let alone to location, was a work of art. When I was at the dubbing theatre, they needed some overdubs for these subjective shots, so I had to provide heavy breathing and gurgles on cue."

Shortly afterwards, Chris was reunited with Douglas Camfield for the season finale, *Inferno*. "This was a wonderful script with a doppleganger world where the Brigadier, Benton and everyone else existed as Nazis. Nick Courtney had a ball. It was all to do with the lava from the centre of the world welling up and escaping. We shot a whole load of film in four or five days down at Rochester, including the most incredible fall by a stuntman called Roy Scammell." (Indeed, Scammell's fall apparently made it into the *Guinness Book of Records* at the time.) "We had three cameras on it, and Roy did the fall perfectly, but he got up and said, 'Do you want to do Take Two?' I said, 'Dougie, if any of these three cameras say they've got it, no!' This was done just after lunch on the last day, but it was preceded by a really nasty accident in the morning. We had six people from a stunt agency called Havoc, and one of them, Alan Chuntz, had to leap out of the way of Bessie. He didn't quite make it, and Bessie's heavy crash bumper hit him in the leg. I had to travel with him in the minibus to a hospital at Rochester while the rest of the unit got on with filming. He had a very nasty gash which was all laced up, and we came back in the afternoon to face this stunt. You can imagine my feeling after what had happened in the morning! Alan was very brave about it, but he's limped since."

Chris again suggested some effective visual touches. "The Doctor was being chased around by the parallel world soldiers, and he ran past these dustbins which I

Above: Bellal (Arnold Yarrow) and cowering friend from *Death to the Daleks*.

Right: Elisabeth Sladen and Jon Pertwee from the same story. Photos © BBC Video

"Jon Pertwee didn't like working with the Daleks because they upstaged him!"

suggested he hide inside as a nice little visual gag. Dougie thanked me for the shot, but I don't think Jon did! I also suggested an effect later in the studio, a shot which worked brilliantly. I thought, 'Wouldn't it be great if they opened the door, and using CSO we saw all the lava pouring towards them?' I sorted out some amazing stock lava effects from documentary films, as I had done with the rocket launchings in *The Invasion*."

It has been reported that Douglas Camfield fell ill after the location work on *Inferno*, and that the studio sessions were directed from his notes by Barry Letts. Chris strongly disputes this. "It doesn't add up. He might have been ill for one or two studios, but not the whole lot. I remember him being ill, and discussions about a pacemaker and all, but he was certainly fine on the filming, and he definitely did some studios." Chris recalls that Camfield was offered the producership of the series between *The Invasion* and *Inferno*: "He was very keen on *Doctor Who*, though I personally don't think he would have been right as producer. He would have done it well, because he was one of those people who never did a job badly, but there are some people who are definite producer material and some who aren't. He would have gotten fed up with the lack of hands-on work, and if he'd seen directors messing something up, he'd have wanted to sort it out himself."

Chris' memories of his work on the remainder of the Pertwee era are not as detailed. He worked on two stories in Season Nine, the first being *The Curse of Peladon*. "I was vaguely reminded of it by a film I saw recently, *The City of Lost Children*. David Troughton was the King, and he was surrounded by all sorts of weird and wonderful monsters. The director was a lovely, lovely bloke called Lennie Mayne, now sadly deceased. Lennie was from Down Under, and he didn't suffer fools gladly. He had a slightly wicked sense of humour, and an eye for the ladies as well! The production seemed to go very well although the studios were very difficult, full of complex effects like talking heads in boxes, and quite a bit of modelwork. Jon had acquired Katy Manning by this time – and my own personal interpretation of the Doctor's relationship with this assistant was that it was *very* close to the edge . . ."

Chris also worked on *The Mutants*, directed by series veteran Christopher Barry. "I didn't do it fully. I think I took over some of the work from someone else. I know I recced Chislehurst Caves for the location. Chris Barry I'd worked with before at times, and he was a bit of a pain in the neck as director. His heart was basically in the right place, and he was very organised, but he 'ummed and ahhed'. The effects were done by Ian Scoones, or 'Scooneliny' as we used to call him. There were some amazing flying effects, incredibly difficult and advanced stuff, and something to do with one character firing energy at another, who then disappeared. It took forever, waiting for the technicians to line it all up."

Carnival of Monsters, his next assignment, holds stronger memories for Chris. "We had four or five days' filming, two of which were on the marshes where we later superimposed these weird sea-monsters. Barry Letts (the producer/director) was a visual effects magician, creating those shots. The filming was very conditioned by the tide, so sometimes you had miles of marsh and at other times sea up to your midriff. Another day was spent on the 'dead' ship, which was due to be scrapped. I negotiated to get on board and film while they were towing it down river, so we had just one chance to get it right."

Chris returned to *Doctor Who* once more as a production assistant. *Death to the Daleks* was recorded towards the end of 1973, and Jon Pertwee was ready to move on. "Jon had been the first Doctor to break the mould, doing five years instead of three, and it was pretty obvious to everyone that he was getting fed up and tetchy. He wasn't so bad out on location, but in the studio he was not very easy. He didn't like working with the Daleks because they upstaged him!

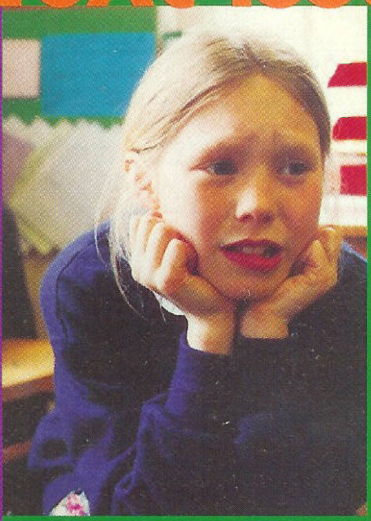
"Michael E Briant, the director, had started at the BBC at the same time as I had, and he'd been an AFM way back. Perhaps because it was meant to be a lunar landscape, Michael was very keen to film in some sand pits down in Dorset. That was fine, but the Daleks just wouldn't move on the sand, so we had to attach special wheels to their bases and put them on camera dolly tracks. We had about a week's filming near Swanage, and the rest was back in the good old studios at Television Centre. It was rehearse/record all the way with Michael, which was quite a departure from the usual rehearsal in the afternoon and recording in the evening. It meant something like two three-day studios, with loads and loads of effects. I came out of the studio feeling absolutely shattered."

That feeling was a taste of things to come, as Chris was to discover as production unit manager on producer Philip Hinchcliffe's highly-regarded third season of *Doctor Who* . . .

In the second half of this interview, Chris D'Oyly John provides some surprisingly frank opinions regarding his time on the Tom Baker era . . .

Next Issue . . .

(Honestly, definitely, for sure. . . Would we lie to you?)



Second Sight

The ten-year-olds of Class 4G were among the first in the world to see Paul McGann's *Doctor Who*. Find out their thoughts on see-through snakes, car chases and the British Board of Film Classification . . .

That Certain 'Something'

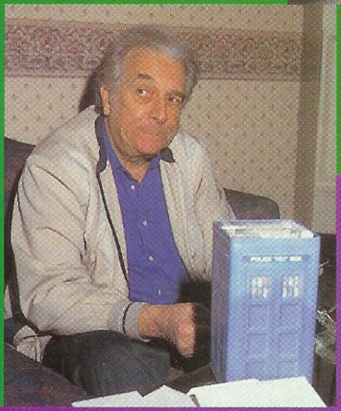
We look at some of those special *Doctor Who* moments that can bring a lump to your throat, a song to your heart or a tear to your eye; moments that *prove* that *Doctor Who* is the greatest TV programme in the world . . .

Ground Zero Part Five

An embittered Doctor enters a final confrontation with the Lobri in the streets of Notting Hill. Isaac and the Threshold watch – amused . . .

The Space Pirates

Our series of pull-out-and keep archive features continues with a look at this much-neglected Patrick Troughton serial.



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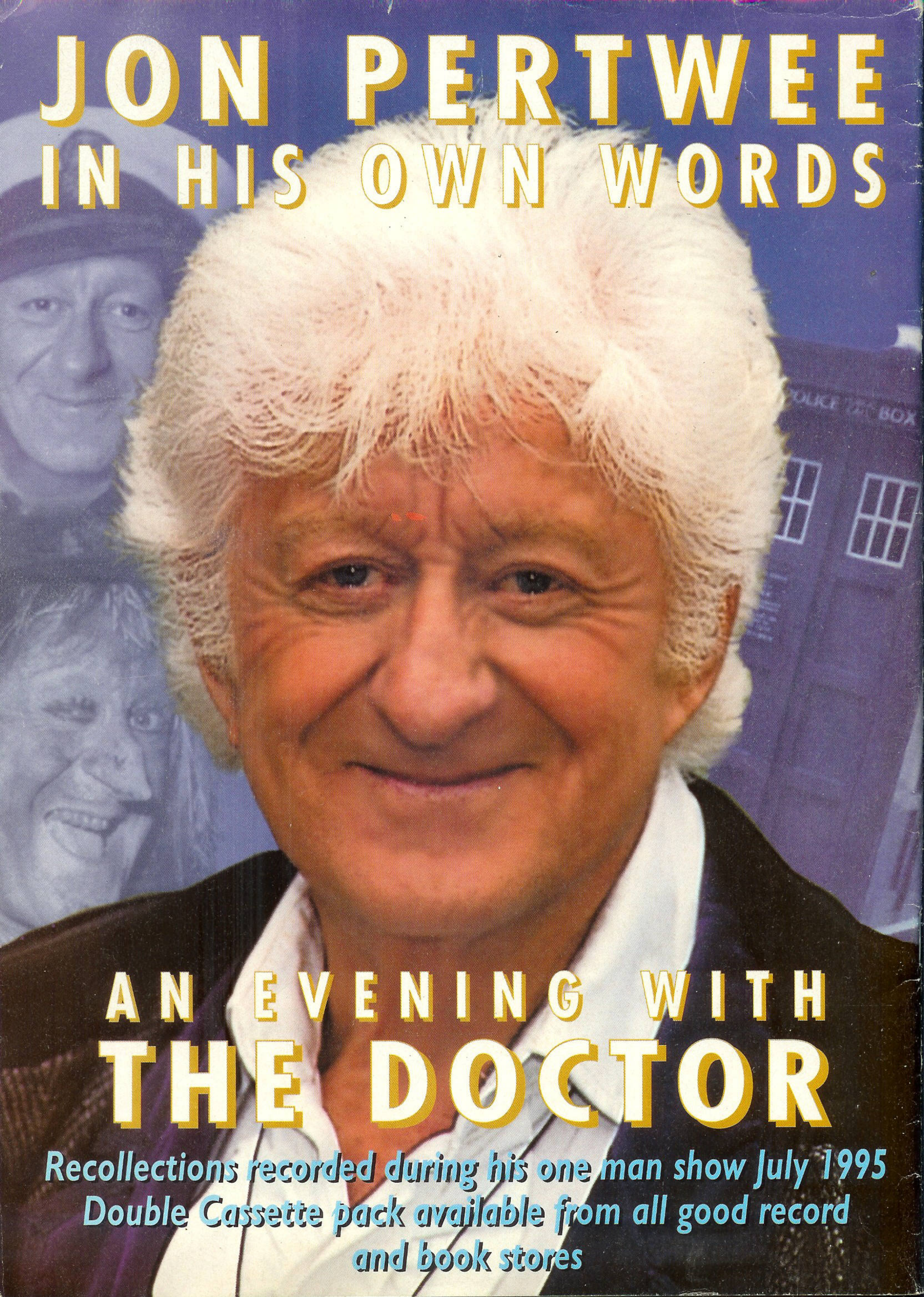

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AN EVENING WITH THE DOCTOR

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